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The Peril of Victory

AS AMERICANS WAITED for an announcement of the end of the war, their mood was strangely dazed. Behind the immense relief that an armistice with the last resisting enemy would bring, there was a feeling that the news was too big to absorb quickly, that being this close to the greatest armed conflict in the history of the world, there were meanings which could not be felt or understood in any full measure until long after it had happened. There was not the primitive release experienced by those peoples who had felt the oppression of the conqueror, or those who had actually been under fire and dreaded personal annihilation. Gladness for the safety of loved ones in the armed services, hopes for a more normal mode of living, did not quite shut out a sense that some of the greatest implications of the event had not yet become clear.

In the presence of such a mood it is natural to turn first to the more practical considerations. What about the stipulation of the Japanese surrender offer and the response of the Allies to it? The offer looked as if it might have been devised as a trap. If we should guarantee the Emperor's "prerogatives" as supreme ruler of Japan, we would make ourselves responsible for an autocratic regime which might in time plan new conquests. If on the other hand we should flatly refuse, we would advertise to the Japanese people and our own that we were continuing the war only to depose the Emperor. This would strengthen Japanese morale, and might weaken our own, since there was disagreement on the point here, and not every soldier or sailor might care to endanger his life for this cause.

If this was the intent of the Japanese offer, it was neatly squelched by the reply. We did not promise to guarantee the Emperor's rule, but merely (by implication) to spare his life and throne on condition that he would obey our orders in carrying out the armistice. At the end of that period, the question would be left to an expression of the free will of the Japanese people. There are obvious advantages in using the prestige of the Emperor to bring about the liquidation of the enemy's military forces, which in any case may be unruly. Whether in the end that prestige might not have suffered irreparable damage is uncertain, but in any event we shall have let the Japanese choose. That might prove a better means of reducing the menace of one of the most firmly established father-figures in the world than forcibly to dethrone him before his own people were ready to do so. Religions have always thrived on martyrdom, and Hirohito is not a solitary and upstart dictator, but the symbol of an ancient tradition and a ruling house which might in the future be restored.

Aside from questions concerning the terms on which the fighting was to end, the most prevalent discussion dealt with what was to happen in this country. It had become a common observation among those who knew the situation that Japan could deal no greater blow to the United States, unprepared as it is for peace, than suddenly and unexpectedly to surrender. We have no general plan for reconversion, only projects of numerous private enterprises and a method of relaxing governmental controls when war conditions make them no longer necessary. We have no governmental commitment to maintain full employment, and no coherent

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program for doing so. Congress adjourned without even considering such a program.

This lack of preparedness for sudden peace exists in spite of the celebrated fact that over half our productive resources have been devoted to war and millions will be thrown out of jobs by cancellation of war contracts. Many of these millions are not even in localities where new employment opportunities are likely to arise, many of them are untrained for such jobs as may be offered, and there is no systematic provision for retraining them. In short, we are basically relying on private enterprise to remobilize for peace, although experience has sharply demonstrated that it could not even mobilize, without governmental direction, for the far simpler task of making war.

Those in positions of economic authority expected that the transition would be made easier by the continuation of a one-front war for many months more. Apparently the secrets of the atomic bomb and the date of Russia's belligerency were so well kept that they were caught completely unready for the effects of these stunning revelations. Shall we now be able to accomplish by a sudden scramble the difficult feat of a smooth transition, ending in the employment of all willing to work and its necessary accompaniment—the distribution to the population of a far higher level of living than any known in this nation before? It will be a miracle if we do.

It is not too much to say that every one of our greatest Allies is better prepared for peace than we—Russia because of her planned system, Britain because of her already formulated and extensive program of reconstruction, China because she already suffers an economy of extreme deficit which can only be improved by any release of manpower and extension of civilian production. Compared with these nations, the United States is today the most conservative power on earth.

Reflections such as these remind us of what, after all, was the main significance of the war. Before it the world was not happy and prosperous. It was in confusion, part way along in a revolution made necessary by the release of advanced techniques of production in a society mainly governed by antiquated concepts and institutions. This confusion, and the lack of preparation to organize the new situation for human welfare, gave rise to hostilities and uncertainties which themselves prepared the ground for the war itself.

The aggression of the Nazi-Fascist powers and of the Japanese is often attributed to wickedness—the depravity of individuals and even of whole nations. Their action did indeed outrage the moral natures of civilized persons, but it is only a superficial analysis to suppose that their temporary ascendancy arose only from original sin. They asserted that they had an answer to the perplexities of the world, and they plotted to take advantage of the bewilderment and weakness of their enemies. It was we, who had to fight them, who were at fault for permitting the condition to persist in which such movement could achieve power. At the last moment we rallied ourselves and saved the world from their domination. Whatever was to be the answer, theirs was one which the rest of us were certain we could not allow. At any cost it must be prevented; at terrific cost it was prevented. But the war was a defensive one. By means of it we have avoided exchanging a highly unsatisfactory human society for something much worse.

But the war is the end only of this defense against intolerable retrogression. It has not in itself been creative of anything better. It is only one episode in a world-wide pilgrimage which must go on from where we were. Humanity, like a weary traveler on a muddy road in a stormy night, has with immense effort extricated itself from a swamp into which it had wandered. Now it has to plod on from the point at which the misstep occurred. We have occasion for relief and thankfulness, but none for relaxation of effort and vision. We have not established forever a citadel of joy and peace against the assault of a barbarous invader. We have simply won the chance to do better in the future than we have done in the past. The struggles and toils of arriving at a decent civilization are still ahead. Something of this feeling tempers jubilation at the prospect of victory.

The World Needs Food

The third UNRRA council now sitting in London is facing a food and coal situation in liberated Europe which presents a far grimmer picture than had been anticipated. Severe shortages exist in milk and dairy products, meat and fats, as well as textiles and coal. "There is no doubt in my mind," UNRRA Director Herbert Lehman recently declared, "that the economic conditions confronting Europe during the coming winter will be such as to strain the political and economic structure of the continent so seriously that the consequences may do incalculable harm to all our hopes for a permanent and peaceful settlement in European affairs." UNRRA has neither sufficient funds nor adequate supplies to alleviate hunger and starvation. An additional $1.5 billion is immediately needed. The Soviet Union has asked for $700 million, not included in this budget, and $50 million is required for the Italian program arranged for by President Roosevelt. The larger share of these funds will have to be carried by the United States, and the U. S. delegate to the council, Mr. Will Clayton, is expected to bring back a request to Congress for a sum almost as large as the $1.35 billion already allocated to UNRRA by this country. These calculations do not include the needs which UNRRA may have to meet in the Far East after the collapse of Japan. If this help means further tightening of belts in the countries whence supplies must come, it is well to remember that such aid is not just an act of charity, but part of the responsibility which the Allies accepted in liberating Europe and Asia from fascism. It is the best guarantee against recur-

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rence of that economic and social instability which ultimately leads to totalitarianism and war.

Work for Congress

President Truman has wisely told Administration leaders to reconvene the Congress. Senate majority leader Barkley contended that September 4 was early enough in view of the Committee work that must be done before a real legislative agenda is ready for the whole body. We hope that Committee work, particularly on legislation relating to a full-employment program, will resume immediately so that the wishes of the country, expressed by President Truman, may be carried out. Unemployment insurance, surplus-property disposal, public-works plans, the full employment bill, the Wagner housing bill, expansion of social security, health insurance, federal aid to education, minimum-wage revision, public-power development, a permanent FEPC, and abolition of the poll tax are only the most important items awaiting immediate congressional attention.

The President cannot face the possibility of a catastrophic depression alone. He is right to call the Congress back into session to consider anew the peace problems presented by the surrender offer from Japan. If he presents Congress with the program that is needed, it will probably mean the end of the Truman "honeymoon," the beginning of the real fight for full employment. If he leaves the Congress to founder, it could mean the end of Truman and of a Democratic victory in '48.

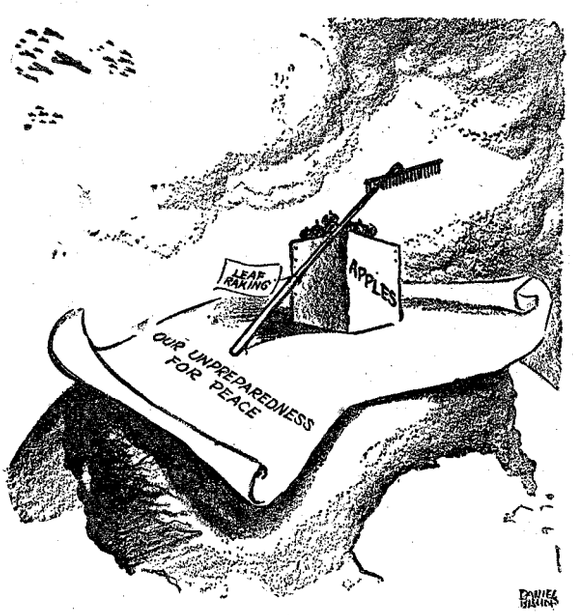
Inflation or Controls?

Shall production controls be used to support the price controls necessary to prevent inflation? The Office of Price Administration and the War Production Board have been in sharp disagreement on this question for many months. It has now become perhaps the major issue in the reconversion program and must therefore be decided by War Mobilizer Snyder and President Truman. WPB chairman Krug is eager to dispense with all production controls at the first possible moment, and he and his staff especially dislike administering orders which manufacturers oppose as intensely as they do, for instance, those governing the low-priced clothing program OPA and WPB are supposed to be carrying on together.

Immediately after his return from Potsdam, Mr. Truman gave Krug new reconversion orders which seem to put the President and Snyder on the side of the OPA and its administrator Chester Bowles, who believes that all controls should be maintained until supply and demand are sufficiently in balance to rule out the threat of inflation. But if manufacturers are to be prevented from using the new supply of materials merely for high-priced, high-profit items, Snyder will have to keep a sharp watch that the reluctant men of the WPB do not arbitrarily remove controls on any one item without considering the effect on prices in general.

Trying War Criminals

On August 8, after weeks of strenuous efforts to reconcile Anglo-American and continental concepts of jurisprudence, the establishment of an International Military Tribunal for the trial of major war criminals was agreed upon by the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and France. Jurisdiction of the Tribunal will extend not only to crimes against peace and war crimes proper, but also to crimes against humanity. They include, by definition, "murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation and other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population, before or during the war; or persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds." This provision opens the door for the punishment of the crimes against German Jews and anti-Nazi Germans. Even more important, however, is the concrete application of the principle of responsibility for aggression to individuals. As Mr. Justice Jackson, the American member of the drafting committee and chief American prosecutor, stated, "the definitions under which we shall try the Germans are general definitions. They impose liability upon war-making statesmen of all countries alike. . . . We must not allow ourselves to be drawn into a trial of the causes of the war, for our position is that no grievances of policies will justify resort to aggressive war. It is utterly renounced and condemned as an instrument of policy." Making individual statesmen responsible for acts previously attributed only to states as collective entities constitutes a revolution in international law, which hitherto has not recognized individual persons as subjects of jurisdiction.



Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times

Another Pearl Harbor

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What Next in Italy?

Almost simultaneous with the announcement of the Big Three that they intend to support Italy's application for membership in the United Nations Organization because that former enemy country is making good progress towards the reëstablishment of a democratic government and institutions, came the news from Rome that the national council of the Christian Democratic Party publicly acknowledged "the outspoken Republican preponderance in the party ranks." This statement removes the last doubt as to the future of the monarchy, which had been totally discredited by its alliance with fascism, but had been unexpectedly propped up by the Anglo-American conquerors. As long as the Christian Democratic Party, probably the largest Italian party and very powerful because of its close ties with the Vatican, had not declared itself on the constitutional issue, the future of monarchy had been in the balance. The Christian Democratic Party is the last of those belonging to the Committee of National Liberation to oppose the crown. The Socialists and Actionists have been against the monarchy from the beginning. The Communists—as a result of their opportunistic support given, at one time, to Marshal Badoglio—had shelved the issue, but were assumed to vote against the House of Savoy nonetheless. More recently, the Labor Democrats have declared themselves in favor of a republic. If Italy's royal family had any political sense, it would see the handwriting on the wall and voluntarily relinquish the throne before it is kicked off.

A New Spanish Government?

While General Franco's fascist government in Spain is facing the early withdrawal of recognition by more than one country, exiled Spanish Republicans seem at last ready to present to the world a united coalition government whose claim for being recognized has solid legal foundations. In all likelihood Señor Diego Martinez Barrio will be appointed President of the Spanish Republic by the exiled Cortes. He will then receive the resignation of Dr. Juan Negrín, the last Republican Prime Minister, whom he may reappoint, or who may be supplanted by a new Prime Minister, possibly Don José Giral, a former premier, or Alvaro Albornoz, president of the Spanish Committee of Liberation in Mexico City. The choice depends on the wishes of the parties consulted as much as on the ability of the candidate to form a working government. Although Dr. Negrín is probably to be credited, more than any other exiled leader, with the success of the recent negotiations which brought him from London to Mexico, he may well feel that, for the time being at least, his usefulness is at an end. For he seems to be unable to overcome the continued opposition of the majority wing of his own Socialist Party, led by Indalecio Prieto, to his willingness to work with the Communists. On the other hand, of all the Spanish statesmen in exile none could be better suited for the arduous task of taking a Republican government back to Spain than Dr. Negrín. And his international reputation may well sway the parties in giving him the support he needs for the fulfillment of this aim.

Tory Consistency

Professor Brogan, whose article appears on page 213 of this issue, is a sensible and realistic man. He is undoubtedly right when he warns leftist journalists against presenting the British political situation in terms too exclusively black and white. Unquestionably it is true that the European struggle has been interpreted too simply, that we all tend to forget the peacetime events which led up to war, and that there are men of brains and good will on both sides of the fence in British politics. We don't object to his recalling that the Greek king and Metaxas stood up to the Italians; we don't believe any sensible person wants mob violence in Italy or considers that the only alternative to the royal house. As for Spain, however, government by Negrín, or somebody like him, appears to be the only alternative to Franco, and we disagree with the suggestion that the Spanish masses are neutral in the struggle.

Our chief dissent from Professor Brogan, however, comes with his statement that British foreign policy was more an "endless improvisation" than "the product of machiavellian foresight." No doubt it is always a mistake to attribute to anybody too much or too long-continued deliberate purpose; but it is certainly curious, to say the least, that the "endless improvisation" of the British Tories should so invariably, so unwaveringly, end up in a single direction—the direction which benefits British imperial policy at whatever cost to anybody else. Such improvisation for 25 years kept India in subjugation by incessantly throwing nearly all her leaders into jail and keeping them there, often incommunicado, as long as necessary. That policy suppressed the native aspirations in Kenya, Nigeria and other African colonies. It coldly refused to discuss giving Hong Kong to the Chinese, even in the midst of a war for democracy in which China was a much suffering ally. It fought doggedly to force discredited kings on the people of Greece, Yugoslavia and Italy, and was consistently tender to reactionaries in Spain and Belgium. It was unwaveringly hostile to Soviet Russia from the moment of the 1917 revolution until June 22, 1941, when the USSR was attacked by the Nazis. It appeased Mussolini and Hitler as long as appeasement was possible. It never spoke out against Argentine fascism; Argentine trade was too valuable. We do not recall these things with any suggestion that Amer-

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icans could have done, or did do, conspicuously better; American foreign policy has also plenty of bad spots on its record. We would only suggest that if all this constituted "endless improvisation," then its accidental consistency is indeed one of the miracles of the modern world.

Military Review

The announcement of the attainment of long-sought atomic power made certain the early collapse of the Japanese Empire. It also scared everybody to death and with very good reason, for just at the moment of attaining some degree of world security, it throws us into a new world whose very foundations are insecure. With a power source like this the old dream of the rocket to the moon or the other planets becomes perfectly possible; but it is the most terrifying of possibilities.

There is as yet little information about the essential vehicle in which the atomic bomb is carried. One source says it weighs 400 pounds, another 1,200 and a third that the bomb can be carried in any bomber or fighter plane. Still another source says that at present it is purely an air weapon, suitable only for dropping from planes. Whatever the actual weight, it seems clear that the trigger mechanism which sets off the atomic explosion weighs far more than the bomb itself, and there is a suggestion that it is too delicate to withstand the shock of being fired from a gun as a projectile.

But there is no such objection in the case of rockets. The acceleration can be regulated to any desired point, and indeed, with atomic explosives available it should not take long to produce whatever type of rocket is desired at an efficiency beyond anything currently possible. Even without atomic explosives we were assured that the Germans were only about six months away from developing a rocket with a 3,000-mile range, easily capable of crossing the Atlantic. It does not take very much imagination to see what a 3,000-mile rocket with an atomic bomb warhead would mean to the future of human conflict.

The objection to V-2 and to rocket weapons in general has been their inaccuracy. At 3,000 miles this inaccuracy would be greatly increased; but with atomic bomb warheads it would not matter. A nation sitting comfortably on one side of the Atlantic could render an enemy country practically uninhabitable on the other side by a single barrage launched within a few hours. It can be calculated that 200 atom bombs would have put England out of the war if they struck that country only with the force exerted by that first—and we are assured—preliminary and inefficient model. It would probably have taken a great many more for a country so generally well distributed as Germany and there might even be opportunity for a return fire, but that does not alter the case very much.

What this means for the general future of civilization it is the job of technicians and economists to work out. It would seem fairly obvious for one thing that it must mean the end of large cities, which become danger spots even while the atomic bomb is only an air weapon. What it means for the future of warfare is rather clearer. Even in its present state the atom bomb renders big fleets of heavy bombers totally uneconomic. So are large gun or plane-carrying ships, and although a naval officer has said that "the effect of the bomb on shipping will probably be disappointingly small," there is very little more reason for mounting big guns on a ship than there is for equipping it with ballistas.

In fact the military operations of an entire conflict, except for the inevitable small force of infantry to follow in on the heels of those gigantic explosions, boils down to a matter of a few secret underground factories on the lines of the one the Germans so well concealed at Nordhausen, rocket-powered atomic weapons constructed and assembled there, and then suddenly released with or without a declaration of war. One wonders how many such conflicts the world could stand before mankind is totally annihilated.

Russia in the War

THE FACT THAT the USSR entered the war with Japan did not silence the bitter anti-Russian claque in the United States. Its members had been complaining ever since victory in Europe that Russia was leaving us to fight alone in the Far East. When she declared war on Japan, they changed their criticism to say that she had waited until the last possible minute and had then come in, in order to share in the fruits of victory, with an assumption that she would demand an unjustly large and morally indefensible part of those fruits. The underlying idea was that Russia has no business interfering in the Far East anyhow, and that we ought to keep her out and settle the future of the Orient among the United States, Great Britain and China. One section of this supposedly hard-boiled, realistic school would even leave out China and have the future of the Pacific dictated by the United States and Great Britain—or by the United States alone.

The argument that Russia by deliberate plan stayed out of the war until the last possible moment should have been destroyed for anybody capable of reason by the facts at present known. That Russia would come into the Japanese war was agreed upon at Yalta. That she would come in not later than August 15 had been known for some time and was confirmed by Stalin at the Potsdam meeting before he was told of the existence of the atomic bomb. Those who demanded that Russia attack Japan a few days or a week or two after victory in Europe were military ignoramuses unskilled in logistics—the science of supply. The United

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States, with all the world's fleets at its command, could not promise effective action in the Far Eastern area with troops and supplies from Europe earlier than next December, eight months after V-E Day. The Russians had to depend on a single railroad across Siberia, even though it is now double-tracked. A great part of their country was ravaged by the enemy to an almost indescribable extent. They have had, and still have shortages of every kind of goods so severe that Americans would feel they made military operations impossible. That Russia should have been able to open operations against Japan only three months after Germany's capitulation is a military achievement.

In the meantime, her effect on the war in the Far East has long been felt, and has counted heavily, on our side. The Russians have pinned down, along the Manchurian border, hundreds of thousands of Japan's best troops, which might otherwise have been fighting on Okinawa, in the Philippines, in Borneo or Burma. What effect their entrance into the war had in inducing the Japanese to move for surrender, no one can say; but it must have been important. At a rough guess, the atomic bomb may have come first, Russia's participation second, the strategic blockade of the home islands third, and destruction by standard types of air raids, fourth. But whatever the order of emphasis, Russia's participation certainly comes high on the list.

Those who argue that the Soviet Union should be excluded from the Far Eastern peace settlement are talking fantastic nonsense. They forget that Siberia is a part of the USSR, that it is an Asiatic power, and that Russia has always been just as much legitimately concerned with the Far Eastern situation as Japan or China —and more so than either Great Britain or the United States has any right to be. Russia came into the war in fulfillment of her obligations as one of the Allies, and to put an end to the last stronghold of fascism on earth; but even if she had done so in order to be represented at the peace table, we don't see how she could be criticised for that. Certainly, such criticism comes with bad grace from a country which sold scrap iron to Japan just as long as she would buy it; which waited two years and three months to come into the war for the survival of democracy; and came in then only because the totalitarian world attacked her, declared war and forced the fighting.

We hear a good deal of talk about Russia's maleficent purposes in regard to outer Mongolia, Manchuria and Korea; and we would suggest again, as often in the past, that it would be well to wait and find out what Russia's actual intentions are before abusing her. It may be that she wants a warm-water port in the Pacific, or guaranteed access to such a port; if she does, this would seem a legitimate aspiration, the world being what it is. She does not want hostile governments next door to her in the Far East any more than she does in Europe. Here you have a familiar problem of semantics: so much depends on whether you insist that such a friendly government is merely "a puppet regime" or call it one which will resist being made a springboard for aggression. We do not know the exact purpose or the outcome of the conversations in Moscow between Premier Soong and Marshal Stalin. We see no reason, however, why a *modus operandi* between Russia and China is not possible within the framework of the United Nations and may not already have been achieved. Such a plan might represent a good deal of liberalization of Chungking plus a clarification and limitation of the purposes of communist Yenan. We see no justification for the belief that Russia covets any Chinese territory; certainly she would not be stupid enough to try to gobble up Korea in the moment of that unhappy country's new-found freedom. No doubt all Asiatic countries will swing to the Left in the next few years. But that is a worldwide trend which we should not attempt to thwart even if we had the power to do so and the United States lacks that power, especially with a Labor government in control in Great Britain.

What the world wants beyond all else is a permanent, just and stable peace. In the Orient, no such peace is possible which overlooks the legitimate aspirations of Russia. At the conference table we should fight any effort to give her more than she should have; but we should be equally careful not to put aside her demands which are reasonable and fair. Otherwise the Far East will be the tinder-box which will again set the whole world ablaze.

Anti-Semitism at Dartmouth

PRESIDENT ERNEST HOPKINS of Dartmouth said the other day that the number of Jewish students permitted to enter Dartmouth is restricted. This is done, said President Hopkins, in the interest of the Jews themselves. He has read a book on the history of Nazi Germany which stated that anti-Semitism in that country was greatly augmented because a large proportion of the doctors, lawyers and other members of the learned professions in the large cities of Germany were Jews. President Hopkins says he is trying to avoid a similar fate for the Jews in this country.

The Dartmouth president has brought out into the open a situation which has long existed but which most people have either been afraid, or reluctant for other reasons, to discuss. People in a position to know tell us that there is a *numerus clausus* against the Jews in most private institutions of higher learning in New England and presumably in other parts of the country as well. If this state of affairs is denied, our informants tell us, the denial is only technically true; if the bars are not formally raised against Jews, other devices, such as geographical representation in the student

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body, or a limited proportion permitted from large cities, are used to achieve the same result.

It is possible, though not necessarily certain, that Mr. Hopkins, by bringing the question into the open, may have moved us a step nearer to amelioration of one of the outstanding blots on American civilization today. When, however, we have recognized his candor, we have said all that can be said in defense of his position. His historical analogy from Germany is unsound. The most reliable historians tell us that the Nazis deliberately whipped up anti-Semitism in order to give themselves a talking point—and, incidentally, in order to steal the property of the German Jews to the value of billions of dollars. In no country on earth had the Jews tried so conscientiously, or so successfully, to merge themselves in the general mass of the population as in Germany. Most of them thought of themselves as Germans, rather than Jews. As for the point about the large proportion of Jewish doctors and lawyers, nobody in Germany needed to consult a Jewish professional man if he did not want to. In so far as non-Jews used their services, it was strictly because the Jewish doctor or lawyer had superior ability. Before Hitler, the degree of anti-Semitism in any European country was in inverse ratio to the degree of civilization its inhabitants enjoyed. It was not conspicuous in Germany.

Mr. Hopkins' assumption that by keeping down the proportion of Jews at Dartmouth he can prevent their training for the learned professions is naïve in the extreme. There are plenty of other institutions where candidates can be admitted; the state universities, of course, must accept all comers. Still more naïve is his assumption that anti-Semitism is lessened if the Jews are limited in their educational opportunities and confined to non-learned occupations. Understanding and tolerance are augmented when the largest possible proportion of all the people in the community are given the maximum possible degree of education. Many of the criticisms of "the Jews" that are uttered by anti-Semites are not in fact criticisms of religion or of (hypothetical) race, but (in so far as they have any merit at all) are criticisms of the results of poverty and social rejection. Such criticisms are as cruel as they are short-sighted and unfair. President Hopkins would continue and increase these criticisms by limiting the opportunity of the Jews to raise their earning power and their social status.

In effect, what President Hopkins's statement means is a declaration of his faith in the fallacy of Aryan supremacy. He appears to assume, flying in the face of all anthropological science, that the Jews are a race, that there are psychological differences between races, and that cultural patterns are inheritable. No other attitude could, even in his own mind, justify closing the doors of Dartmouth to all but a small minority of Jews.

It is often urged that privately endowed colleges, since they support themselves, are entitled to make any terms they please regarding the admission of students. These colleges, however, enjoy freedom from taxation of their physical property, without which most of them would be unable to survive on their present scale of fees or anything like it. During the depression, nearly all of them accepted funds from the federal government, through the WPA and the National Youth Administration, funds which in many cases spelled the difference between solvency and going bankrupt. Since 1941 most of them have been kept alive only by money from the War and Navy Departments for preliminary training of officer candidates. It is true that such training was of value to the war effort, but it is also true that the colleges needed the government more than the government needed the colleges, and that the whole plan was worked out partly with the benevolent idea in mind of preventing institutions of higher learning from going bankrupt. The attitude which President Hopkins expresses openly, and many other college presidents maintain secretly, would seem a poor reward for the aid given them by the government of a democracy.

It is ironic that President Hopkins's expression of anti-Semitism in the guise of concern for the welfare of the Jews should come in the same week with the news of the atomic bomb. If it had not been for Hitler's anti-Semitism, the bomb would have belonged to the Nazis; the most important early work on splitting the uranium atom was done in Germany and several of the leading figures left the country because of the Nuremberg laws. At the moment when the race between scientific research and national destruction reaches its greatest intensity, President Hopkins proposes that we handicap ourselves by arbitrarily rejecting certain elements, no matter how high their intellectual capacities, on a basis of religion and (fallaciously assumed) race. We can no longer afford the luxury of these obsolete myths of racial differentiation, Mr. Hopkins; if you don't believe it, ask Hitler.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Bomb and the Future

THE COMING OF the atomic bomb is an event of such tremendous importance that all responsible persons will weigh their words in speaking or writing of its consequences. There is no doubt that it is, in its potentialities, the most significant event in the history of mankind for many generations. At last it seems literally true that humanity as a whole must either learn to live at peace or face destruction on a grotesquely vast scale. It is certainly not the case that the atomic bomb, however widely employed, would destroy all mankind; but in another world war, used by both sides as it surely would be, it would obliterate all the great cities of the belligerents, bring industry and technology to a grinding halt, and leave the future life of the world to be carried on by the neutrals (if any) and by scattered remnants of humanity living on the periphery of civilization and spared for continued existence only because they had not been worth the trouble of destruction. It is not a pretty picture.

The details of operation of the bomb are still a closely guarded secret; but the general principles are known, and had been published before wartime security forced a blackout on all the news. To understand them, it is necessary to recall a few fundamental facts.

All matter is made up of extremely minute components called atoms. For some time it was thought that because of their small size, they must represent the final indivisible stuff of the universe. On the contrary, we now know the atom is not a solid particle but more like a miniature solar system. It has a core or nucleus, composed of protons and neutrons, which is like the sun in our solar system. It has electrons which, like the planets, revolve about the nucleus at dizzying speed—about 174,000 miles per second. The space between this miniature sun and its planets is substantial, in view of their mass; if the nucleus were enlarged until it was just visible to the naked eye, the electrons, still 1,800 times too small to be visible, would be revolving at a distance of six feet or more. The atom itself is incredibily small, so much so that, even to see one, you would have to be reduced to a size of one billionth of an inch. Or to put it another way, the nucleus of an atom is smaller than an inch in roughly the same proportion that an inch is smaller than the diameter of the sun, which is about 864,000 miles.

Some of the parts of an atom have electric charges. The proton carries a positive charge, the electrons are negative, and the neutrons, as their name implies, are neither. The energy locked up in the atom, and expressed both in these electric charges and in the tremendous speed of the electrons, is very great—as the atomic bomb has now demonstrated.

There are 92 known elements, arranged in the atomic table according to the degree of complexity, and especially the number of electrons, in their atoms. The simplest of all is hydrogen, and then come helium lithium, beryllium, and so on, up to No. 90, thorium No. 91, protractinium, and the heaviest and most complicated of all, uranium. For a quarter of a century experiments have now been in progress for breaking down atoms in one way or another. In 1919, Lord Rutherford projected radium rays against the nuclei of atoms of nitrogen gas, changing them into atoms of oxygen. Since then, changing one element into another by bombarding its atoms and altering their structure has become fairly commonplace in the laboratory. At least until the beginning of the war, such operations had, however, been too costly to have practical significance.

The cyclotron, which is chiefly the invention of Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California, is a device which breaks up atoms and uses some of the fragments for bombardment and decomposition of other atoms. In the process, enormous amounts of atomic energy are released, and varying degrees of temporary radioactivity are induced, according to the nature of the substance which is bombarded. (I call it temporary, but in fact, it lasts for periods varying from a fraction of a second to hundreds of years.) This artificially irradiated material is of the highest scientific importance, particularly in medicine. One of its uses is in the treatment of deep-seated cancer, difficult to reach by ordinary radium or X-ray treatments. Another is that irradiated substances, swallowed by men or animals, can readily be followed on their course through the system, yielding important physiological information.

Some years ago, through the work of various scientists in several countries, it was found that one type of uranium lent itself well to bombardment which would alter its character by dividing it into two roughly equal parts. This alteration is accompanied by a powerful energy discharge, on the order of 175 million electron volts. It happens only when the uranium atom is subject to external bombardment by a slowed-down neutron, and neutrons can be slowed down by passing them through paraffin wax, or even water (which contains hydrogen). It is believed that the Germans, who experimented in a laboratory in Norway with "heavy water," the discovery of the American Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Harold Urey of Columbia, were trying to use it, with its rich hydrogen content, to slow down neutrons.

Before the war, a "trigger" to set off an atomic reaction had been invented, and since the announcement of the atomic bomb, the facts about this trigger have

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been repeated in unofficial speculation. Howard W. Blakeslee, science editor of the Associated Press, recalls that radium has been used to bombard beryllium. The beryllium then emits neutrons, which are slowed down by means of paraffin wax and are used to bombard uranium. The uranium atom is split into two very nearly equal parts, plus a few wandering neutrons. These can be used, after slowing them down with paraffin or water, to break up additional uranium atoms, and so on. It is necessary, of course, to prevent the radium rays from reaching the beryllium until the moment when an explosion is desired, but this should not be difficult. One thinks, for instance, of a lead-lined casket containing the radium, with a window, operated by clockwork, and beryllium just outside of it.

Whether this is the course the American scientists have followed is at present unknown. We do know, however, that they have solved the problem. The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima was officially described as having the power of 20,000 tons of TNT, but its relative power is of course enormously greater. The explosive element in the atomic bomb did not weigh one ton, or anything like it; a few pounds is more probable. One pound of uranium, it has been calculated, is equivalent in energy value to 800 tons of fuel oil; a half pound of uranium, utilized for heat, would bring 386,000 tons of ice water to a boil. A lump of a few pounds would drive a steamship or an airplane many thousands of miles. (Some of the fantastic statements you have read in the daily press about the terrible energy of the atom have been based on the assumption that it could be completely exploded. All that was done before the war—and, presumably, all that the scientists have now succeedd in doing—was to split the uranium atom, which means energy on a very much smaller scale. We are assured by competent authority that, although any interference with the atom results in some radioactivity, there is no basis for sensational charges that persons visiting the scene where an atomic bomb has exploded, will die of leukemia, that rain water falling on such land will become radioactive and lethal to organic life, or that these effects will last for many years.)

Just what part the atomic bomb played in Japan's plea for peace we do not yet know. Even before the first one was dropped on Hiroshima, it seemed certain that the Japanese could not hold out very much longer. The entry of Russia into the war would itself have been enough to bring the final act of the drama appreciably nearer. Yet the atomic bomb must have been an important factor. The Japanese knew the terrible results it had brought on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the dreadful potentialities it carried for other cities and even for the armies in the field. When you have bombs each of which can raze four or five square miles of a community, continued flow of food and ammunition to troops on active duty can speedily be made impossible. For even if munitions factories could be put far enough underground to be immune, which is doubtful, all transportation can be hopelessly wrecked. Pinpoint accuracy is no longer required for most military objectives; a hit within a mile or two would seem to be enough.

With the peace plea comes the question of the social responsibility for future control of this appalling weapon. It seems clear that no one nation, or group of allies, should finally dispose of such tremendous power; it should be the joint responsibility of all mankind. Indeed, if they are wise, the people of any one country will not wish to have such a terrifying weight on their shoulders. It is still true, as Lord Acton said, that power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. The people will also know that secrets of this type are bound to leak out before very long, and that even if they do not, what the scientists of one country can accomplish, those of another can presently duplicate. (The atomic bomb is in fact highly international in its origin, with American, British, French, Danish, German and other nationalities represented. Many people have commented on the fact that important work was done by "non-Aryans" in Germany and that, if Hitler had not persecuted them, very likely he would have had the secret before anyone else.)

At present the chief safeguard we have is not the actual secret so much as the enormous expense of the operation, the huge masses of machinery required, the many thousands of workers employed. The Anglo-American-Canadian effort cost $2 billion, took years, and invoked the services of 65,000 persons. Very few countries in the world are, at the moment, in a position to repeat these activities. Until they are, the atomic bomb would seem to be the ideal weapon, and perhaps the only one, required by the Security Council of the new United Nations. The threat that United Nations airplanes will be prepared to drop half a dozen atomic bombs on a recalcitrant country should be all that is necessary, in the present stage of the world's development.

The United Nations, of course, does not yet exist, the charter not having been ratified by the necessary majority of the countries represented at San Francisco. Temporarily, therefore, it is obvious that the secret ought to be confined to the smallest possible number of persons, preferably no larger than it is now. It is unthinkable that any private interest, such as that of some industrial firm which has contributed to the bomb, should be allowed to exert any influence on it whatever. Patents which had been taken out before the war research began should be made over to the government or to the special control commission which President Truman will ask Congress to create, the owners being compensated at a fair rate.

Just what this new weapon does to military and naval strategy will perhaps not be clear for a long

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time; but at an offhand first glance, they would seem to be entirely revolutionized. In the past, defense has always tended to catch up with offense; but if that is true in this case, no one is yet able to suggest how. Your only hope against an enemy armed with atomic bombs would seem to be to bomb him first. Twenty years ago, imaginative writers talked about the "two-hour war," in which fleets of enemy airplanes would suddenly darken the sky over cities and bomb a whole country into almost instantaneous helplessness. These predictions turned out to be false, so far as the present war is concerned; but today they seem closer to reality than they did when they were first uttered. No battleship ever built or conceived could survive an atomic bomb dropped on it or anywhere near it. When one plane can do the work hitherto assigned to several thousand, anti-aircraft fire or interception would seem to be hopeless. Imagine the situation if Japan's *kamikaze* flyers were equipped with atomic bombs! The military art would appear to have gone back to where it was when the invention of gunpowder put an end to the armored knight on horseback, and it must be learned all over again.

Some gloomy prophets have said that the coming of the atomic bomb means our entire civilization must now go underground. They foresee whole cities thousands of feet below the surface of the earth, living on hydroponic foods or synthetic chemicals, getting their vitamin D from sun lamps and emerging to the surface of the earth only for brief periods of novel recreation, and only then in the safe interludes between wars—if there are any interludes. There is a genuine question whether the atomic bomb has not already put such fantastic visions behind us. Its potential power is so great that one doubts whether we could burrow deep enough into the earth to be safe. It is also hard to imagine that man's suicidal impulse is sufficiently intense to cause us to go to all that trouble when such a simple alternative as the abolition of war is still a possibility.

When we come to the peacetime applications of the atomic bomb, we are stopped by the fact that we do not know as yet what the scientists have found out, or what are its potential uses in peace, beyond a few vague commencement-address phrases uttered by one or two of them. Mankind in the long run is incorrigibly thrifty; we will not use atomic power, even if it is available, until it costs less per horsepower or per kilowatt than coal, oil or falling water. The atomic bomb was constructed in wartime when expense means nothing; the first two of them cost a billion apiece; the first ten, $200 million each, and so on. For all the public knows to the contrary, the discovery of this incredibly powerful explosive force may not yet have been accompanied by control of it in sufficiently small units to be of any utilitarian value. Or alternatively, the scientists may in fact have learned how to split a few atoms at a time, canalize the resulting energy and give us, for all practical purposes, free power. The consequences of this would be so far-reaching that it is quite impossible now to visualize them. Whole industries would be greatly reduced in size; spokesmen for the American oil interests have already commented that they would lose one-half their market, which is devoted to propulsive power. (They hope, perhaps too optimistically, to retain the other half, which is employed for lubrication.) The natural advantage of a country with large coal or hydroelectric resources would disappear; one part of the world would, presumably, now be as rich as another (one assumes that deposits of uranium and other necessary natural elements would be internationalized). While it is true that the cost of power in industrial operations is only a small percentage of the total cost, it is also true that there are few of the laborious human tasks which could not be performed by machinery if it were not for the bitter fact that in the past human sweat has been cheaper. We should be able to raise our standard of living to any desired height while cutting the normal working week from 40 hours to a small fraction of that much. (Persons with a creative urge to do something—inventors, research scientists, writers, artists and the like—would of course continue to work their normal 168-hour week and to complain bitterly about it.)

It is interesting to see that these roseate dreams of the future have not produced widespread exultation over the news of the atomic bomb. A report from Washington said the people of the capital have been plunged into gloom by the announcement, and have continued in this state of mind. It is, we believe, a common reaction. Every American is glad to see the end of the war with Japan, which was certainly accelerated by the use of the atomic bomb. They probably had mixed feelings about the Japanese civilians—men, women and children—who were wiped out in a fraction of a second, 100,000 or 150,000 each time, in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. However strong the humanitarian impulse to pity these poor victims, it is complicated by the realization that the loss of these lives, by hastening the end of the war, probably in the long run saved many more lives by helping to compel Japan's fanatical rulers to capitulate. The general sadness, I believe, came less from the application of the atomic bomb in the Japanese war than with thoughts of its future use elsewhere and specifically against ourselves or our children. Candor compels us to admit that nothing in the history of humankind justifies the hope that we shall be able to master this new weapon and exploit its possibilities for good and not for evil. If we look to the past, we can see only additional blood and horror from every similar achievement since human beings first came across the horizon into the perspective of history. That is why we must now look forward and not back, must resolve that the secret of atomic energy shall be used for good and not for evil. BRUCE BLIVEN

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Britain's New Foreign Policy[1]

THE ODDEST THING about the reception of the almost incredible news of the election results was the satisfaction felt by most people that the outcome was so decisive; and, I think, the degree to which people felt this casts some light on the driving power behind the Labor victory. It was an example of the "we must put an end to it" determination of the mass of the British people; it had a positive content, too, but it had this basic drive for change, for a new orientation. And that feeling was extended to the field of foreign policy as well as home affairs. It would be absurd to pretend that the millions of Labor voters were as deeply interested in Greece or France as they were in local Eatanswill or general English problems; but when they *did* think about it, they thought simply—they wanted that changed too.

What was it they wanted changed? Something that didn't exist in the simple form they pictured it, but something that could be reasonably be supposed to exist—a policy of covert and, at times, open support for the counter-revolution. When I say that I don't think such a policy existed, I know I am writing myself down as a simple-minded and gullible creature—in terms of the most charitable explanation. Nevertheless, British foreign policy seemed to me to have far more of the marks of endless improvisation, ending in the piling up of diplomatic commitments that might, by their mere weight, push the British government into a fatally compromised position, than to be the product of machiavellian foresight and tenacious planning and execution.

But in the Europe of the moment, the appearances were what mattered, and the appearances were certainly in favor of a view of British policy that justified suspicion. This view, widely held in Europe, became more and more widely held in England. It was often based on very inadequate information. I don't think that the British press has done a very good job in reporting the immediate past or the present in Europe. There are brilliant exceptions, but most of the reporting has been done by partisans or by men who, in that context, are amateurs. The good war reporter, the good sports reporter, the "brilliant" editorial writer may be unfit to deal with the very complex situation in a country like Belgium, for instance. He doesn't know enough to start with; the problems of the war are often simply intensifications of peace-time problems and can't be understood if you start with the belief that nothing that happened before September 1, 1939, or June 21, 1941, or December 7, 1941, can really matter. The British public has too often had the impression that it is mere foolish squabbling and pettiness that prevents "foreigners" from getting down to business. Maybe the evidence of surprisingly long memory the British voter displayed, memory not only of the Tory record up to and beyond Munich, but memory of the postwar sell-out of 1919-22 will make the continental passion for harking back to old stories and old scores seem more human, that is, more English, behavior!

When the man in the street was not being merely baffled by the foreignness of foreigners, he was being given a too, too simple view of the complexities of European politics. He saw traitors where there were at times merely bewildered and frightened men in a hole; he saw deep conspiracies when there were other and more plausible explanations of events. He translated—and was encouraged to translate—very difficult situations into English terms; never has the word "democracy" been used in so many ambiguous and indeed preposterous ways as in recent English discussions of the affairs of eastern Europe. Our political democracy may not be a valuable export, but even if that is so, we ought to have a political equivalent of the Federal Trade Commission to issue cease-and-desist orders to some left-wing publicists. For, alas, it is not true that all the brains, knowledge and virtue are on the Left; there is a lot of each of these qualities on the Right, and to forget this is to run serious risks of controversial disaster—and to ignore some truths about Europe and the world.

The London *Tablet*, for instance, is widely read by people who dislike its religion, its policies, its political philosophy and practice, but find that it contains *news*, truths that are neglected or suppressed elsewhere and which are yet relevant. The *Nineteenth Century* has the same utility. And a pedantic person like myself is often driven to the edge of a brainstorm by the easy confidence with which the truths insisted on by a paper like the *Tablet* are blithely ignored.

Nevertheless, as Renan said, "M. Homais was right." The simple-minded man in the English street, or the slightly less simple-minded man in the newspaper office, was right. He was right in thinking this war was *about something*. It was about more things than one, of course; basically it was about the dislike people have for armed strangers walking in and taking over; it was

[1] Comment on Professor Brogan's article appears in the editorial section of this issue. – THE EDITORS

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a patriotic war. But because of the character of this patriotic war, it became a war about the kind of country that you were patriotic about. Being against Hitler meant being, in some way, against more than invasion, foreign or domestic treason; it was being in favor of human dignity, human hope; if Hitler got away with it, a view of human life that closed the gates of hope as well as of mercy on mankind, would have won and been dominant. The Englishman thought this; he was right to think it and he was right to think it when his Communist friends were telling him different; he is right to think it now, when he is being asked to find excuses for the people in France, Belgium and elsewhere who thought they could do business with Hitler. So the man in the street is right in being unjust (if the paradox be permitted) to Pétain, Leopold, Franco. A ruler has a special job, he runs a special moral risk, he bears not the sword in vain and is to be tested by a higher and more exacting code than is the passive private citizen. So with a ruling class; and all over Europe, ruling classes have shown themselves to be inadequate; I don't think it proven that they necessarily were more than that, that they were deliberate and conscious traitors, but that is enough; *noblesse oblige*—and it obliges to a lot more than to mere passive innocence. After all, the British voter has just passed a vigorous vote of no-confidence in his own ruling class, the most skilled, successful and, on the whole, creditable ruling class in the world, so he can hardly be expected to worry over the fate of the possessing classes in Italy or France, Roman princes or Paris bankers. He doesn't.

But the British government did give the impression that it worried a lot. There was some criticism of British policy that seemed to me too simple. I, at least, know that for all practical purposes I know nothing about Greek politics, but I know enough to know that their complexities didn't begin with the Metaxas dictatorship. I also remember that it was Metaxas and the King who decided to stand up to Italy at the darkest possible moment of the war. This is no reason for imposing George II on the Hellenes again, but I see no harm in remembering it now and then and cutting out a few adjectives from the fine rhetorical prose customarily used in discussing this question. Few historical facts seem better established than that Spanish generals are the most incompetent and expensive saviors that any country has ever been plagued with; and Franco is simply the worst of a bad lot, the natural and degenerate heir of Narvaez, O'Donnell, Prim, Primo de Rivera's uncle, Primo himself, Sanjurjo, and all the other military candidates for the job of saving Spain, of whom El Caudillo is the lucky survivor. But I am not so sure as is Miss Elsa Maxwell that all decent people in Spain are simply panting to have Dr. Negrín back with his team and policy as of 1938-39. I am sure that the Italian royal house has so betrayed its functions that its day is done, but I am not sure (and I hear that Signor Silone has doubts about it too) that the Italian people need or want salvation by armed gangs or piazza democracy of the style once favored by the Fascists and now possibly favored by the Communists.

In any given instance, British policy could be defended well, or at least plausibly. But it was a negative policy; it was stopping something, or postponing something, or evading something. A government of national unity in Britain, a government waging a difficult war, *had* to avoid issues to preserve unity at home; and it had to buy easy military success. No one outside a very small group of leaders can really know whether Darlan or Badoglio was worth the price. But the British man in the street was very positive that there *was* a price and a high price, that such buys were not cut-rate bargains—and again he was right.

The new Labor Government is in a far stronger position to take stock and liquidate bad investments than a Conservative government could be. It may be that the Labor members of the late War Cabinet were as determined supporters of the Churchill Government's foreign policy as the Conservative members, but the English people and the peoples of Europe don't think so. Mr. Bevin starts with a clean record, if not, possibly, totally clean hands. The nature of cabinet responsibility is not, fortunately, wholly understood in Europe.

A more important advantage is that the Labor Government is *not* a government of national unity. It is not, to be sure, a government of national disunity; it has far wider support than the late government had, but its mandate is to do things that a lot of people dislike, at home and abroad, not to fall back on the broad and blunt axe of compromise. It can take sides, inside the country and outside.

It has another advantage; it will not be readily suspected of anti-Russian bias; no matter what the *Daily Worker* (London edition) may have to say. Mr. Bevin, if he has to argue a point with Generalissimo Stalin, will get support that Mr. Eden or Mr. Churchill, rightly or wrongly, would not have got. Mr. Bevin has a deserved reputation as a negotiator, but he has, what is more important, popular trust as a union leader, a competent administrator and one of the people.

Still important is his role as a member of a socially progressive administration. Of course, if the Attlee administration is for any reason timid or hesitant, its mere title of "Labor" will serve it little at home or abroad. But if it is bold, successful and consistent it can exercise an immense effect in western Europe; it can recover some of the hopes bred by the *Front Populaire*, hopes so terribly deceived. Out of that deception (I am not imputing blame) came the despair on which communism and fascism alike played. There is hope again, hope that those structural reforms that the masses desire can be got without that debasement of the means that the Communists practise if not preach.

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This new hope is especially important for France, for there the only party that is hopeful and whose hope is infectious is the Communist Party. It attracts support, attention, fear by its own self-confidence, partly an act, of course, but very sincere all the same. There, many Frenchmen think, is the future; it is not the future they would choose, but have they any power of choice? If the Labor Government makes a success, even a comparative success, of its program, if it takes chances and, at the end of a year, is not in retreat, then there will be non-Communist hope and non-Communist choice.

The fact that the British Communists polled only 100,000 votes, that this great Left sweep stayed within the frame of our Western tradition of freedom, of candor and of public pursuit of public ends, is important, too. It will give renewed life to the French Socialists and to their allies among the Catholic Democrats. It will, it is to be hoped, provoke a little introspection among some French intellectuals who are so bemused by the spectacle of Communist strength in France that they are seriously impressed by the importance not only of the British Communist Party but of the American!

A Labor foreign policy will not be easy to carry out; no part of the new Government's duties will be easy to carry out. But it does not start by being negative and sterile; the illusions that the rank and file will have to discard are exaggerations of truths, they are not elegant and plausible but unrealistic intellectual constructions like the Conservative solution. Europe, not to speak of the rest of the world, is going to have a hard and bad time; there are many problems for which there is no good solution, merely solutions differing in degrees of nauseousness or crudity. It is all to the good that Mr. Bevin has and deserves the reputation of being at least a ten-minute egg, but more to the good is the sense of new effort and new directions given by the British people at a moment when the worn and weary peoples of the Continent needed it most.

D. W. BROGAN

Population Transfers

"THE DEVIL'S BROTH has started to brew once more even before the old lot has ceased to sizzle," commented the London *Tribune* when annexation of German territory to Poland was first reported shortly after Teheran. Although the final determination of Poland's western frontier was postponed at the recent Berlin conference, and although Poland's administration of German territories east of the Oder is supposedly temporary, awaiting the peace settlement, large numbers of Germans have already been expelled from this area by the Polish authorities. These expulsions, in addition to others in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, have now been suspended by the Big Three. But they also recognized that " the transfer to Germany of German populations, or elements thereof, remaining in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, will have to be undertaken. They agree that any transfers that take place should be effected in an orderly and humane manner."

Granted that the contemplated boundary changes are the price of power politics, granted also that they cannot be stopped, the question arises whether population transfers will offset the politically dangerous implications of such changes. As early as March 28, 1944, New York *Times* correspondent Raymond Daniell reported from London that future boundary adjustments "will involve huge shifts of population. Hard as that will be, the total number of people is expected to be less than the number uprooted under Hitler's 'new order.' It will go a long way toward a solution of the minorities problem that caused so much trouble before the war."

Opinion on the wisdom of population transfers is divided. Much prejudice exists against them because the Nazis had adopted compulsory population shifts as part of their plan to change the map of Europe. Moreover, the Nazi experiments have not been too successful in solving the minority problem. According to a report of the German Resettlement Trust for 1942, about 800,000 people had been repatriated to Germany since 1939, chiefly from Italian and Russian areas. They were settled in the Reich's new border regions, the Polish provinces, Slovenia, Carinthia and northern Tyrol. These moves did not bring about sharper dividing lines between German and non-German nationalities. German minorities were simply transferred from one non-German area to another. Other minorities were not resettled. An even greater mixture of peoples and races was the result. By the spring of 1942 about 250,000 Germans had poured into Czechoslovakia to complicate nationality relations there. In the spring of 1943, about 400,000 Germans were reported to be living in Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway. The Polish capital of Warsaw had an influx of about 200,000 German civilians. A conservative estimate puts the total number of Germans transferred to occupied territories at 2,500,000[1].

Strangely, a voluntary population exchange was arranged when the Nazis divided Transylvania between Rumania and Hungary in August, 1940. In northern Transylvania, ceded to Hungary, Rumanians could choose Rumanian or Hungarian citizenship within six

[1] See E. M. Kulischer, *The Displacement of Population in Europe:* International Labor Office. Montreal. 1943.

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months of the agreement. Those loyal to Rumania could migrate within the next year. The same procedure was applied to Hungarians in southern Transylvania. Migrants were permitted to take along their movable belongings and liquidate their property. By 1943 about 200,000 migrants from northern Transylvania had moved to Rumania.

The Nazis did not invent the method of transferring people to cope with the minority problem and solve frontier difficulties. On the contrary, the most ambitious exchange of population—between Greece and Turkey in 1923—took place under League of Nations auspices. And the most eminent Allied advocate of population transfers, President Benes of Czechoslovakia, a staunch enemy of Nazism, declared before the Foreign Press Association in London on April 28, 1942, that "if a minority problem is likely to be intractable, I am prepared for the grim necessity of population exchanges. . . . They are in general not popular. They can create many hardships and even injustices. But I am bound to say that they may be worthwhile if they help to establish a more permanent equilibrium."

No proponent of population transfers can deny the terrible hardship, human misery and cruelty that are inevitable in mass migrations. In the exchange of 1923 between Greece and Turkey, human suffering and economic dislocation were severe in both countries; 380,000 Moslems were transferred from Greece to Turkey in exchange for 800,000 Greeks residing on Turkish territory. The migrants suffered from disease, overcrowding, lack of food, and the separation of families. Turkey lost productive farmers and skilled craftsmen, receiving in their place relatively backward peasants. Greece, although benefiting from the introduction of improved agricultural methods and public improvements in the wake of rehabilitation, faced the problem of over-urbanization following the sudden influx of middlemen and artisans. Foreign and domestic loans, floated at high rates of interest in connection with the resettlement program, resulted in heavy taxes and were one of the causes of the bankruptcy of 1932.

In spite of these drawbacks, the Greek-Turkish exchange achieved its ultimate objective of enabling two ancient enemies to become peaceful neighbors. Speaking at the Inter-Allied Meeting at St. James Palace in London on June 12, 1941, the Greek Minister to Great Britain, Mr. Charalampos Simopoulos, pointed out that the Greek-Turkish friendship "constituted one of the most significant events of the postwar period in the establishment of peace. The exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece, harsh though it was, facilitated this work."

The Greek-Turkish exchange was compulsory. Is voluntary exchange practical? Take the case of the German minority in Czechoslovakia, source of many of that country's postwar troubles and immediate cause of its usurpation by the Nazis. At issue is not, as in some other instances, the protection of the German minority against discrimination, but its elimination as a future fifth column. If transfer were voluntary, what guarantee would there be, in view of the Sudeten Germans' reluctance to leave their ancestral homes, that they would not decide to stay? On the other hand, a country long interested in territorial revision, like Hungary, might oppose the exchange of minorities outside of her borders, precisely because it would deprive her of a major argument for Magyar revisionism.

Or take the case of East Prussia. The total population of this predominantly German area is about 2,250,000. Of these, only about 400,000 are Poles and Masurians. If East Prussia is given to Poland, only transfer of the entire German population would ultimately solve the minority problem created by Polish annexation. Could it be done on a voluntary basis? It is doubtful that the majority of the German peasants would want to leave, even at the expense of having to become Polish citizens. Another German irredentist problem would be created. Germany might demand the right to protect the Germans in East Prussia, even if Poland should scrupulously observe the principle of protection of minorities. Complications between Germany and Poland would follow as surely as night follows day. Only compulsory transfer would seem to promise a permanent solution.

Minorities constitute today only a comparatively small number in the total of Europe's dislocated population which has to be repatriated. There are many millions of war prisoners and refugees, deportees and slave laborers who have to be returned to their homes. These huge population movements were certainly not anticipated before the outbreak of war. Writing in 1939, Henry C. Wolfe, an opponent of population transfers, argued that "only an irresponsible person would suggest that a wholesale migration of 30 or 40 million people should be started. A drastic experiment of this kind would result in chaos and suffering such as Europe has not seen since the Thirty Years' War." Today the task of moving millions of people is no longer in the experimental stage. In the Soviet Union alone the number of war refugees is estimated at between 10 and 20 million. The number of foreign workers in Germany amounted to about 12 million. Compared with these figures, the number of people belonging to minority groups—whose removal, moreover, involves usually only transfer from one neighbor country to another—appears small indeed. As a matter of fact, never before has Europe been presented with a better opportunity for exchanging national minorities. What once may have seemed a drastic step, tends to become a relatively minor operation in the larger context of dealing with all dislocated people.

How many people belonging to minority groups would have to be moved is hard to guess in view of the existing population scramble. There may be 10 million

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or more persons who will have to be transferred in order to tidy up the frontiers of Europe. The Germans unquestionably represent minority problem Number One. The Nazis seem to have succeeded in withdrawing many tens of thousands of German colonists from the Ukraine, the Baltic area, Poland and eastern Germany. On the other hand, they may have intentionally left others behind as potential bulwarks of Germandom, especially in the Balkan countries. These will have to be forcibly moved.

It is impossible to discuss in detail the question of population transfers as long as Europe's postwar frontiers are not definitely decided upon. In the particular case of Germany, however, one warning is warranted: the cession of German land to Poland and the resettlement of expelled Germans in Germany may cause the emergence of a new chauvinism and irredentism. It can be prevented only if Germany is enabled to absorb her returning nationals into an economy which guarantees them full employment and a decent standard of living. This was fortunately recognized by the Potsdam conferees who put an end to the absurd notion that the Allies should deindustrialize Germany.

HEINZ EULAU

From a Flier's Notebook

In war things change very quickly from the sublime to the ridiculous, and vice versa. Yesterday our crew was in very Spartan surroundings eating C-rations and sleeping on the hard canvas bunks. Today we find ourselves in a luxurious palace. We're on a high hill, and below our rocky cliffs flows the bluest of seas, so blue it hurts your eyes; its waters so clear you can see many fathoms down from your window. We are here for a three-day rest. Combat fatigue.

There is a Yugoslav rest camp nearby, and in the beautiful village below our palace I met several Yugos at the well. Many of them wear uniforms, British style, and all have Partisan caps, even babes in arms. We started a conversation with a couple of lads and found that we could understand one another quite well. They invited us to an affair which was to take place that evening. As we talked, a fierce mustachioed giant came over. A Yugo M. P. He listened to our talk, nodded approvingly and finally said in English: "You come tonight to party, h-okay. H-eight o'clock, h-okay." And he put his huge paw gently on my shoulder and concluded: "American *aviaticheri* very good, sure."

The show took place in a monastery. The program consisted of short sketches—crude, agitational, but good front-line stuff. The poetry is on a high level. These people sing well and are impressive even to those who do not understand them. And they sing at the slightest provocation. The blind, emaciated accordionist would strike up a tune, and the whole assemblage of men, women and children would join in lustily. Then someone would shout in their language: "Death to Fascism, Freedom to the People!" and there would be an echo. They have a fine, proud, dignified bearing. They are poor, but offer you cigarettes. British. (You prevail upon them to take your American smokes. They accept, but reluctantly.) The children have mature faces. They do not beg or accept candy like many of the little Italians who ask for "chungum . . . chocolat . . . caramel . . ." They follow the sketches intently. Some of the twelve-year-olds have seen action in battle. The women are big, some quite attractive; they carry rifles, like the men.

Blaj Bralle, the blind Dalmatian, plays the accordion like a master. I met him in a cool wine cellar. He agreed to share my bottle of wine if he could reciprocate. "I'll play for you," he said. He played and sang in a high passionate tenor voice and drank for three hours. While Blaj and I were drinking, the giant mustachioed M. P. lumbered in. He dented my back with his huge paw and said he was very happy to see me, but he could not stay; he was on duty. Very sorry. But he would have just one sip. A quick one. He tossed off one glass, wiped his mustaches and said, "I go now." I asked him to have another. "H-okay." He drained another glass. "Good!" He said he sure missed the wine when he was imprisoned by the Germans for three full years. Then he excused himself, said duty called; he would have just one more drink. He told me how he'd starved, how the Nazis tied his hands over his head for days, how they shot people. He showed me an old copy of *Stars and Stripes* which carried his fierce mustache and an article detailing his experiences as a Partisan and prisoner of war. We killed the bottle, and he finally left, saying: "H-okay, h-okay, I'll see you . . ."

It's been a long time, and I've flown many missions. Back at the rest camp facing the blue sea. I fell in love with this spot on my first visit here two months ago. The warm sun and the beach are far away from the droning planes and early alerts. The grim war-life is erased from my mind for a few brief days.

I cannot find my old friends among the Yugoslavs here. A young lad, Dmitri, promised to take me to another accordionist who might have word of Blaj. Dmitri is fifteen, a dignified, taciturn peasant boy. He is a veteran guerrilla, recovering from wounds received in action. He wears a Partisan cap with five-point star, but no shoes. We went to the "home" of Professor Nikita. A barren, cavernous room with a mattress on the stone floor. Two broken chairs. Nothing else.

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Professor Nikita is also blind. Blaj Bralle is no longer here, he said. He is sick with tuberculosis and has been taken away. (These people have so little, so tragically little, to eat.) "I will oblige you with some accordion playing."

The accordionist and I drank. His wife poured the wine with delicate hand like a hostess accustomed to gracious manners. I sat on the floor, but she refused to sit on the chair, insisting that I take it.

I had one cigar in my pocket, our week's ration. I offered it to Nikita. He refused, but finally took it. He fondled the cellophane wrapper for a long time. Then he undid it ceremoniously, mumbling: "Ah, my dear friend! What a treat! It's been so many years.... But you are depriving yourself—"

"Smoke it, please," I said.

"Surely, surely," Nikita exclaimed, his strong, stony face beaming. "Mama, we'll proceed to smoke this wonderful thing. Mama, smell it." We lit the cigar. "Mama, come here. The sheer fragrance of it. Now I'm happy. I shall smoke it slowly and I shall play some songs for our dear comrade."

As we played and sang, a young bespectacled Italian priest in dark brown cassock and his boy assistant entered. The hostess gave him her seat. They spoke Italian. The priest asked for some operatic airs and sang in a strong tenor voice. His face grew red and sweaty. My Luckies made the rounds. The hostess stood and smiled graciously, wanting her guests to be happy.

How poor these people are! But what dignity! "Our land is afire!" the accordian player said. "It is a beautiful land, but the incendiaries have put it to the torch. You can do the same to them. You and your mighty airplanes."

The other night the Red Cross gave a party for us and I invited Dmitri. He came reluctantly. He has no shoes—and he doesn't like to sit at dances. As we walked to the hotel, we met several friends of Dmitri's and I invited them too. There was one husky girl, her left hand in a cast. Her name was Zinka. She is of peasant origin, wears a Partisan cap and trousers and there are three battle stars on her jacket. She has a peasant's suspicion of city folk, of strangers, of Americans, too. She spoke very little. Dmitri told me that she had been a commander of three hundred Partisans, with a legendary reputation for heroism and leadership. Her husband was killed at her side. She doesn't laugh much nor smile. Her hatred is grim, but the children here, the many Yugoslav orphans, love her. She is very tender to them. We danced a waltz together. "I like these," she said. "When there was music at home, we danced much." I brought Zinka some punch and cake. Later in the evening she offered me some. "Take it," she said. "But I'm full," I told her. "You brought me some before," Zinka retorted. "Now you will share mine." She hails from the mountains and her dialect is not easy for me to understand, but we managed. She has killed many Germans. "You have too?" she asked. "Many?" I said I didn't know how many. "But you kill them. That is what matters. That makes us brothers-in-arms."

Yesterday we played Santa Claus to a group of Yugoslav children. A truckload of us took off for a coastal town where the orphans are housed. We carried several cartons of candy with us.

In an improvised hospital with cold, drab rooms were little tots, all feverish eyes in dry, white faces. The English Red Cross worker, named Mercy, led us among the children. They knew instinctively the meaning of a toy: a teddy bear or a clumsy dog made of olive drab. But candy—few had ever seen it. One youngster reluctantly accepted the bar I gave him. He gazed at it blankly, no reaction on his face. We removed the cellophane wrapper and suggested that he taste the candy. He did, hesitantly. Finally he realized that candy is to be eaten.

The older children, aged nine or ten, understood the occasion. They lined up solemnly, not like our kids yelling with joy and anticipation. They did not reach out. But as we made the rounds, each one upon taking the candy said quietly: "*Chvala* (Thank you)."

In the evening a bonfire was built in the village square. The youngsters marched in, singing as usual, and sat around the fire. A silver-bearded old guerrilla who looked like a professor, played Santa Claus. He wore a big white robe, and a Partisan cap. Before passing out the toys and candy, Santa Claus made a brief speech. He told the children of the gifts brought them by their allies; gifts which they must gladly accept, some day to be repaid. He said it was necessary to move up this Christmas celebration because they were all going back to Yugoslavia where great tasks awaited them and their leader, Tito. The children cheered Tito, the Allies and Santa Claus.

Earlier in the afternoon we had visited a Jewish refugee colony on the coast. Here were Yugoslav, Austrian and a few Polish Jews. In a huge villa, once inhabited by rich fascists, these homeless people have set up workshops. They make bedsprings of telephone wires, as well as clothes, toys and shoes. They have access to discarded materials only. Yet their work is superb.

The general manager, with a Hitler mustache, showed us around. "Out of 70,000 Jews once inhabiting Yugoslavia, only 6,000 are left," he said. "And they are alive today because they are with the Partisans." He was once a big businessman in Belgrade. Now he has nothing, expects nothing.

An old nearsighted Austrian Jew was wiring bedsprings in a dark room. There is no electricity. He asked me eagerly from where I came. "New York," I told him. "Ah, New York!" he exclaimed. "Do you know the Schumans on Eighty-sixth Street? Please see them. Tell them of my plight.... Please..."

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In the shoe-repair shop were two elderly people—Viennese. The woman, still showing signs of former good living, looked up and smiled. "A guest," she said, and embraced me. Vienna. Had I ever heard of Vienna? Yes, I said, I'd had occasion to hear of it. . . . "Ah, you've been bombing it!" she exclaimed. "Goot! Goot! I have a great house there, but I don't care. Bomb it. Hitler is there. Destroy it! Destroy the evil genie!" America—would I tell them something about America, the outside world? She held on to me: "Please come to our *casa*, if only for an hour . . ."

They live on this rocky, craggy coast, far away from their native lands. They work, and pray in their little synagogue. They are very dexterous with their hands and are self-supporting. But they have no place to go. They are strangers here and strangers in their homelands. Some of them talk of Palestine, of America. But most of them live with nothing to look forward to.

The manager saw us to the road. He shook my hand and said: "Please come back. We are apart from the world. . . . *Shalom* (Peace be with you)."

SERGEANT LOUIS FALSTEIN

Krug and Reconversion

WASHINGTON IS LOOKING for a scapegoat on reconversion, and right now it looks as though Julius ("Cap") Krug may be it. The recent Mead Committee report charging that reconversion to peacetime production has moved much too slowly and that we are unprepared for sudden peace, plus the realization that peace is here have aroused a general alarm over the possibility of unemployment and depression. People are looking for a place to put the blame for our present dangerous situation, and to many the broad shoulders of War Production Board chairman Krug seem the right place.

When President Roosevelt made "Cap" Krug head of WPB just a year ago, he was setting a new style in production chiefs. At 36, Krug had spent his whole career in government service. After he left college with an M.A. degree in public utilities management, his concentration on his job was absolute. All his drive and energy were poured into his work under David Lilienthal at the Wisconsin Public Service Commission for five years. Aside from his job, his interests were, and are, narrow, his imagination seldom soaring beyond the task at hand. He was tireless, intelligent, quick and reliable—all most desirable traits in a lieutenant. So it was natural that Lilienthal later brought him into the Tennessee Valley Authority to handle power operations for him. He held his own in negotiating big deals for TVA, even against Wendell Willkie on Commonwealth and Southern cases.

The TVA life was good. There was a tremendous amount of work, but it was with associates who liked him and looked up to him as a tower of strength, forgave his annoyance with those who disagreed with him. His family life was serene. There was time for a friendly drink or an evening of poker. Then the USA began to prepare for war. Lilienthal lent Krug to Washington to help out on the power aspects of the vast aluminum expansion that was planned. Krug was to need all the unruffled calm for which he was known and a great deal more broad understanding and experience than his work-packed life had permitted. He became head of the power branch of the old OPM and was soon under sharp attack from public-power men in other agencies of the government for allegedly aiding private-power interests more than public. Krug got defensive, and allowed this fight and others that followed to drag on without a showdown.

He moved up fast in the war production hierarchy, and naturally he got into fights on the way, frequently bec use he did not have people around him, as he had at TVA, to see that he had all the facts before making the quick decisions that the times required. Krug advanced to the position of vice-chairman of WPB in charge of program requirements, where he shone by comparison with his predecessors. In those days, when "tough" was the most complimentary adjective in the Washington vocabulary, Krug was tough. Occasionally, his associates noted some small bit of what they considered overgenerosity in allocations to the Navy or Army.

In April, 1944, President Roosevelt named Krug to succeed Donald Nelson as WPB chairman. Krug announced that he intended to follow Nelson's policies and for two months did continue Nelson's "spot authorization" scheme for gradual reconversion. Then Krug's policies began more clearly to reflect the attitude of his boss, Byrnes: don't argue with the military. Krug was working for Byrnes now, not for Nelson, and he followed prescribed policy with his usual thoroughness and vigor.

The George Act establishing the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion charged the holder of that post with making and enforcing the policies necessary to achieve a gradual and orderly transition from war to civilian production. Neither Byrnes nor Vinson, and most certainly not Krug, were willing to assume the responsibility of ordering the armed forces to reduce their demands for men and materials. The resulting 11-million-man army and $50-billion war-production program leaves no room in which to begin any substantial reconversion. Full programming under such circumstances is generally admitted to be unfeasible,

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maintaining production controls of any kind difficult. Nobody told "Cap" Krug he had to, so he followed a free-wheeling policy of his own design, limiting the use of priority orders to far below what labor groups thought to be the bare minimum. He refused to use priorities as a weapon for imposing sanctions on employers who disobeyed War Labor Board orders, even when told to do so by the Office of Economic Stabilization. The OES and the OWMR staffs thought he "double-talked" them on the question of allocations of materials for low-priced goods, and felt that he and businessmen like his assistant Jack Small were tired of their jobs and were trying to kill off WPB.

I took these charges to Krug for answer the other day. He was obviously sensitive over the role of "devil" in which he was being currently cast by progressives. "I used to think all liberals were my friends," he said. Then he stated his own case forthrightedly and, I felt, sincerely. He fully recognizes, he said, that WPB is responsible for reconversion—but not solely responsible, for it controls only materials and production, not manpower, or wages, or surplus disposal, all vital reconversion elements. It is WPB's job to direct the removal of production controls, he says, "because we put them on." The question is how to do that, and he intends to strike a middle ground between the demanding groups. He did refuse to obey OES on using priorities as sanctions and intends to continue doing so because he thinks WLB should fight for authority to enforce its own decisions. He does not plan to resign for a high-paid industry job as rumored, but is "signed up here for the duration unless I am fired."

Now, apparently, Krug has a new boss who intends to start giving the orders again. OWMR Director John Snyder met President Truman at the dock when he returned from Potsdam, and within a few hours they had conferred with Krug and Price Administrator Bowles, and the President had addressed a letter to Krug ordering him to assume specific new responsibilities for the reconversion program. Unless Washington has produced a basic change in "Cap" Krug, he will fall back into line behind Snyder and carry out the orders he is given.

HELEN FULLER

Harvard Wants to Join America

THE OFFICIAL RELEASE on the Harvard report on education,[1] as handled by the New York *Times*, declared that it is "considered by educators here [*i. e.*, Cambridge] to be one of the most important documents prepared at Harvard in a generation." If that is the case, it can hardly be on the grounds singled out by the *Times* headline, "Harvard Elective System Is Due to End after War." For the committee of a dozen members of the Harvard staff (including John Finley, Classics; B. F. Wright, Government; Raphael Demos, Philosophy; I. A. Richards, Basic English; A. M. Schlesinger, History) has, like so many experts, the most enlightening things to say when it is talking about matters apart from its special competence. As a group of university educators it does its greatest service by emphasizing the major problem of our high-school education—the problem created by the fact that whereas our national population tripled between 1870 and 1940, the number of students in our secondary schools rose from 80,000 to seven million —an increase of 90-fold. Such a growth is the root cause of the many confusions in the present high-school curriculum, in particular of the increasingly dangerous cleavage between general humanistic education and vocational training.

The writers of the report are aware of the extent to which the problem has been heightened by the indifference of universities like Harvard to the need of encouraging its graduates to enter high-school teaching. That recognition may no longer be news outside Cambridge, but it marks a big advance from the accurate characterization that a recent Massachusetts Commissioner of Education could make of Harvard as "a place where everyone, down to the lowest paid research assistant, has views about international relations, but nobody knows what's happening in Central Square." This committee realizes that general education "will fail in the schools unless it extends to the community." It knows also that high-school teaching will not attract more able minds until the teachers are better paid. But it fails to reckon with the part that must presumably be played by well organized teachers' unions, if any such change is to be brought about.

The report as a whole is as prolix as only a document produced by one-times-twelve professors could be. Some of the $60,000 invested in it by the university authorities could have been recovered by setting fines for every use of "as we have said," "to resume," "it will be recalled," and "we pause now to draw together." One of the few sections that make lively reading is that on the teaching of language in the secondary schools, where one seems to detect the voice of Ivor Richards in the remark that, "What can happen in the pupil depends very largely upon what is happening in the teacher. If he is uncharged with crisp meanings, little is likely to be induced in his hearers; whence, of course, most of our educational woe." That makes an excellent criterion, which should

[1] General Education in a Free Society. Report of the Harvard Committee. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 267 pages. $2.

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have been applied at once to boil down such jargon as, "Exactly that, in effect, was argued in the previous chapter when it was said that, if these three areas differ not only in subject matter but in the values to which they look and in the methods which they follow, then mere encyclopedism is not enough, and the only adequate treatment of them will be one which concerns itself with values and methods quite as much as with facts. In other words . . ."

But the reader with a concern for educational theory can find a good deal here to reward him. Most revealing of all, perhaps, are the social assumptions that come out in passing, many of which grew up with the New Deal and were not shared by the great majority of the governing boards and graduates of Harvard or of the other Eastern universities, who always found a common bond in deploring that Harvard Man in the White House. This committee is against trusting everything to states' rights, since it recognizes the consequences of such a disparity as that 952 out of 1,000 go to high school in Washington and only 392 in Mississippi. It gives tentative approval to federal aid for education (though it finds the question "troublesome"). It believes that the experience gained from the CCC and NYA "may be useful for future planning." Only occasionally do these men of good will fail to press home the human implications of their statistics, as, for instance, when they quote without comment a recent analysis of "the lower income group": "It comprises the great majority of workers . . . They are the poor. They produce about 60 percent of the children of the community." Such figures should have been highlighted equally with those showing the vast increase in the number of high-school students, if the reader was to be made to feel the magnitude of the problem with which we are still faced.

The quarter of the report dealing with Harvard suggests nothing very novel, as spokesmen for other institutions can readily observe. The weakness it is designed to remedy is the prevailing lack "of a common body of information and ideas which would be in some measure the possession of all students." The committee seems to want to mediate between Dewey and the empiricists on the one hand, and the Chicago-St. John's group on the other. But its aspiration to the mean of balanced "reasonableness" produces no more positive conviction than that such "reasonableness may legitimately hope to attain at least to part of the truth." An "uncharged" sentence, if ever I saw one.

The specific recommendations of required courses in Great Texts of Literature, Western Thought and Institutions, and Principles of Physical or of Biological Science run parallel to comparable courses at Columbia, Chicago, and many smaller colleges. The report, to be sure, makes no claim to be setting a new pattern, but merely to be remedying a situation that has grown up peculiarly at Harvard where the intermingling of undergraduate and graduate students in the same courses sometimes leads the former into undue specialization. The remedy would be worse than the disease, however, if these proposed general courses cut seriously into the unique contribution to Harvard undergraduate work during the past 25 years—the development of the tutorial system. In a scholarly atmosphere as impersonal and detached, not to say atomic, as Harvard, the tutorial system has provided the only close human contact between an undergraduate and the faculty. It has likewise enabled the good student to find his own pace, to pass quickly beyond the mechanical method of listening to lectures, and to master his field by intensive reading and discussion. When the committee argues that such individual instruction is expensive, it should be remembered that the tutorial system alone provides intellectual coherence for Harvard's House Plan, and that all the educational advances urged by the report, in the schools as well as in the university, can be achieved only on a rising and not a fixed budget, only if our administrators determine to put a greater proportion of our funds into the essentials rather than into the overhead trimmings of education.

The final chapter turns again to the wider issues of the community. It outlines the increasing importance that adult education is sure to have. It is abreast with some of the possibilities of documentary films, and with the opportunities as well as the dangers latent in the fact that, through the radio, "a modern society has become an audience again." But in the light of the present and recent past of individualistic Harvard, the most significant passage is one which finds "budding collective responsibility" to be the distinctive characteristic of our time. There is no need to cavil that from the vantage point, say, of Washington or New York or San Francisco, that responsibility has already attained a hardy growth. For if Harvard now wants to join America, one can only be grateful. It will be interesting to watch whether this commitment becomes real, whether, for instance, the university will now try to play a functional part in its own immediate community, instead of continuing to be a fenced-in oasis in the midst of the Cambridge jungle. As long as some of the handsome residential Houses look directly across the street at some of the worst slums in the city, built on Harvard-owned land, the violent contrast between "the two worlds" dramatized by Harvard-graduate Dos Passos, in *U. S. A.*, will still remain. It would be a real job of local pioneering if the Harvard administration should decide that the members of a university have an active rather than a passive role in community welfare. Advances in all phases of city planning could then be looked for. And not the least of the results could be the relaxation of the racial tensions that now surge right up to the university's closed gates.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

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Washington Notes

Atomic Anxieties

WHEN WARS come to an end people have to start thinking again. If they don't—more wars. Up to a fortnight ago the great unanswered postwar riddle was: Can capitalist United States and communist Russia cooperate? Now there is the new riddle: What shall we do with the atomic bomb?

It is the measure of President Roosevelt that he had the audacity and imagination to invest secretly close to two billion dollars in the greatest scientific gamble in history. In a vague way newspaper men heard what was going on. There were censorship requests not to discuss three, among several other, subjects: (1) radar, (2) whether and how soon Russia would join in the Pacific war, and (3) the mysterious matter of atomic disintegration. In this column of July 23, I included the comment that, in bombing, "the evolution of destructiveness is still accelerating, and the Japanese have something new to learn." But the revelation, when it came, was incomparably greater than anyone had expected. In a short week man learned that he had at last found how to blow himself up. I do not mean to strike any pose of gloom, but what is there in past history to encourage a cosmic insurance company to take out a policy on the earth? The next big war may very well blow us out of the solar system. At any rate, we now have our choice.

The terrible moral decision to use the atomic bomb was made by a few people. I suppose its use was inevitable. Once you invest two billion dollars in a firecracker you have to light it. Personally, I am sick and tired of decisions like this being made in secret, including those at Potsdam; of all the restrictions to be relaxed by peace I think it is most important to relax the practice of having great decisions made by a few people. For the atomic bomb, it could justly be argued that in the short-range view it shortened the war and saved lives, though from the longer view we may all regret that it was ever employed. I understand the group of international scientists and advisers, which included Secretary Byrnes, originally recommended against its use. When it was used it was dropped on two crowded cities, obliterating two-thirds of the first, and a considerable part of the second.

The fantastic situation is now presented of the United States and Britain possessing a potentially world-destroying invention which, for the time, anyway, we are not going to share with other countries, meaning Russia. If this is not melodrama I don't know it. We are an optimistic people and must assume that some international machinery will be set up to handle the bomb. Among my friends I find a curious new sense of insecurity, rather incongruous in the face of military victory. If it is felt deeply enough to make for world action maybe it will save us all yet.

Russia entered the war punctually 90 days after V-E Day, and censorship restrictions are consequently lifted on that subject. It turns out that President Roosevelt had attended to that matter, too, at Yalta. Most informed correspondents here, I believe, had understood Russia would come in.

As to radar, the censorship has also lifted the wraps on that this week. Radar accounted for some of the startling events of the war, for example, the defeat of the U-boat; it provided the slim margin of Allied victory again and again in the early days of the struggle, notably the Battle of Britain, the victories over the Italian fleet in the Mediterranean and our success off Guadalcanal. Now the secret is out, and the story can be told. Only second to the atomic bomb, radar was the most dramatic and decisive weapon of the war. A revolution in our patent system seems likely in the peacetime efforts to exploit these two great new lines of invention, both of them developed by scientific collectivism.

As the orchestra plays and the curtain goes up on history's next epoch, President Truman becomes a party leader. When peace comes to the Pacific it means political war in Washington. All these months we have pointed to the staggering problems of reconversion. Well, we shall now see how well we are prepared. To date Mr. Truman's popularity has rested largely on public sympathy extended to him in his heavy role, and to the fact that on many domestic issues he has not strongly committed himself. He has remained all things to all men. Now he must come out of his wraps. Censorship is going to be unveiled on Mr. Truman, too. He has got to choose sides, he has got to stop writing nice notes to Congress on crucial domestic issues that divide conservatives from liberals, and begin throwing his weight around. Mr. Truman has done a good job on international affairs. He has shown modesty, commonsense and a considerable gift for leadership in the emergency period. Meanwhile some of his appointees at home have been disappointing. The real test begins now.

Envoy Winant in London gets $17,500, the sum fixed for ambassadorial salaries by Congress in 1856 and never since changed. It is subject to income tax. In addition he gets tax-free allowances to cover such matters as rent and some entertainment, amounting to $12,080.

Envoy Halifax in Washington, on the other hand, gets a tax-free allowance of $70,000 a year. He receives no salary, to free him from the burden of income tax.

This contrast in Anglo-American diplomatic pay illustrates the singular parsimony of rich Uncle Sam when it comes to foreign representation. Entertainment costs are heavy, and Americans of low income just can't afford the job. To a lesser degree the low salary scale is true of subordinate ranks in our foreign service. Peru's ambassador in Washington gets about half as much again as does the United States envoy in Peru.

Secretary of State Byrnes is about to give his department a shake-up, on top of the one that Mr. Stettinius administered. The facts indicate that something more is needed than a change in personnel. We should not debar the use of first-class middle-income and poor men from the diplomatic career service at a time when the atomic bomb has made the need of competent international handling all the more apparent.

Washington T. R. B.

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Postwar Movies

THOUGH THE Hollywood movie seems to have hardened into a form and a way of seeing life and thinking about it that will never be essentially changed, I look for the following important events to occur in the motion-picture industry during the next century.

A device will soon be invented in Hollywood that will fulfill completely the producers' desire to please every person in the movie-going public. The device will be shaped like a silo and worn over the face, and be designed for those people who sit in movies expecting to witness art. It will automatically remove from any movie photographic gloss, excess shadows, and smoothness, makeup from actors' faces, the sound track and every third and fifth frame from the film in the interest of giving the movie cutting rhythm. It will jiggle the movie to give it more movement (also giving the acting a dance-like quality). To please those people who want complete fidelity to life it will put perspiration and flies on actors' faces, dirt under their fingernails, wet the armpits of mens' shirts and scratch, flake and wear down the decor. It comes complete with the final amazing chase sequence from "Intolerance" and the scene from "The Birth of a Nation" in which the Little Sister decorates her ragged dress with wads of cotton, which it inserts whenever somebody is about to conduct an all-girl symphony. The gadget also does away with all audience noise.

Some other powers of the mask are that it gives each shot the quality through solidity of the stereoscope; it colors occasional shots red white and blue for those who go to the movies for political reasons; whenever there is a listing of film credits it changes the director's name to von Stroheim, the title of the picture to "Greed," and uses such actors' names as Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and W. C. Fields. The gadget will absolutely not show any shot in which Charles Winninger or Joan Fontaine appears and it comes complete with the Keaton two-reel comedy called "The Operator." Though it is shaped like a silo it is made of plastic material, and carries on its outer surface a reproduction of the Mondrian painting, "Composition in Black, White and Red." Thus the producers will keep free of all the worries that come from the comments of artists.

In a final, unbelievably patient, energetic effort to corner every possible bit of writing talent for the screen, the movies will start sending scouts through the grade schools looking for remarkable spellers, students who are good at parsing and penmanship, who are already taking historical novels out of the circulating library, and especially for those students who know an easy penny when they see one. These students will be put under contract with a starting wage of $30,000 a year, retroactive from the date of their birth; they will become Junior Members (later on, Intermediate Members) of the Screen Writers' Guild; their parents will be talked into allowing them to go to the movies every night rather than just six out of the seven. Each will be given a 16 mm. version of "The Informer" to take home. At the age of 13 these students will be sent to New York to study Broadway play technique in order to acquire the basic elements of movie writing. Finally, when they are 17, they will be taken to Hollywood and put to work punctuating "Gallant Flicka, Distant Cousin of Flicka."

The day will come when the movie public will not only refuse to see non-color movies but will find it very displeasing to look at the colors of the natural world. On that day a studio will issue the first Techniodor movie—the movie that gives off odors. If "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" had been made in Techniodor, the actual rancid cooking smells that you find in many tenements would have been projected from the screen. The first odor films, like the first sound films, will be faulty, and long after a particularly evil-smelling person has been got rid of in the movie his smell will still be apparent to the audience. The odors in the first films, like the color in the first technicolor movies, will be very strong and thick. They will dominate everything else about the film and lead to much misrepresentation: for instance, the most mild, well-mannered of heroines will seem to have been bathed in a violent dime-store perfume. The first studio owners will scour the country for sweet-smelling actors, and for people who are skilled in making odors, and for a time there will be 10 of this kind of expert to one of any other kind in Hollywood. There will be some revolutionary movie work done in achieving the best effects with odor, but by one means or another producers will be able to discourage these artists from carrying on their work. After Techniodor, work will go forward on Technitactile movies. The movie customer will then be issued a uniform like a diving suit. It will be synchronized with the screen, so that when an actor puts hand to forehead the suit will touch the customer's forehead with what feels like a human hand.

In order to combat Television, a group of the trickiest promoters in Hollywood will manage to keep airplane-supply stores from handling television sets. Nobody, of course, would go to a movie if he could watch the Lux Theatre of the Air performed on his television set while flying about in his plane. But by the fall of '62 the hold of these producers on supply stores will be considerably weakened. At that moment an exhibitor in Florence, Arizona, will discover a way to keep movies part of American life. He will install in his theatre an opium den, a Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, a Soup Bar, and a library having the best textbooks on welding, calculus and how to use the T-square for laying out rafters. Institutions like the Home, the Scout Meeting and the juke box will quickly go underground in Florence, probably into a lower level of the theater. This theater owner, who will of course show only horror or crime films, has made certain innovations in this kind of film that will make them so painful, so shocking and horrible that movie fans won't be able to afford to miss them. The screen in his theatre will be one that throws actual bullets and tear gas at his audience and when the customer enters the theater he will be given a tommy gun and a horsewhip with which to defend himself. Finally the manager (who will be quoted in *Exhibitor's Weekly* as saying "Don't bother with 'Kill Me Daddy' even with Humphrey Bogart in it. My customers spent most of their time in my library") will hire gunmen, pickpockets, people made up as Zombies, mad doctors and apes to circulate through the theatre plundering, raping and generally making it unlikely that any television performance will keep a movie fan away from his theatre.

Work will soon start on the new Selznick movie, "Wait Until the Sun Shines Through," in order that it be finished by the winter of 1952. It will not be a very unusual Selz-

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nick movie, being based, as so many of his films seem to be, on a recipe in *Good Housekeeping*, and having to do with the returning soldier's problems in civilian life. It will take a little under a day to see, but it will have at least 40 of the better actresses in it, in addition to having Joseph Cotten and Robert Walker. The fact, though, that will make this a long-remembered film, will be that Michael Farris who has never acted any role before other than that of the drunk, will be cast for the first time as a non-drunk, the father of a girl played by Jennifer Jones. The idea of a perennial movie drunk playing the virtuous father of the girl who won the Academy Award for her acting of Bernadette will cause most religious movie goers to condemn the film. In order to keep on reaching everybody Mr. Selznick will remake this movie, using Lionel Barrymore instead of Michael Farris. This action also will show producers the folly in breaking a man out of his type.

After all of this has taken place there will be a brief uprising of the few remaining Hollywood haters, who will try to burn Hollywood to the ground. The group, mostly artists, will be led by three men who had tried unsuccessfully for 60 years to raise the money for the filming of a one-reel documentary. The uprising, though, will be put down without the loss of a single makeup kit. The instigators will be punished by being made to watch production on the latest Technicolor movie.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

As an example [of the doubtful value of sending sugar abroad] he [Ody H. Lamborn, New York sugar broker] cited the recent British elections, declaring that though the British people were fairly well fed during the war "yet they voted Socialist in the election." *From the New York* Times.

Communists in this country have smeared Prince Otto also, because, they claim, he aspires to the rulership of Austria. Whether he does or not, again we ask: Since he lived here for seven or eight years, and has grown to love the democracy of our Founding Fathers; since he is a man of culture and speaks a half-dozen languages, if the statesmen of the United Nations are interested in having Austria-Hungary become a truly democratic country, why should Prince Otto not be the right man to place in charge of that country? – *A letter from Bishop J. F. Noll to the Fort Wayne, Indiana,* Journal-Gazette.

We don't know what radical white politician may have urged these Negro politicians into passing such undemocratic and un-American resolutions, but the following recent news article reads like it may have been cleared by Sidney Hillman and his Political Action Committee:

Washington, June 10 (AP). – The National Council of Negro Democrats, concluding a two-day meeting, today adopted resolutions asking:

The Democratic National Committee to give them representation in the committee organization with full-time paid members.

That Congress pass the permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee act, the anti-poll-tax bill and the anti-lynching act.

Abolition of Jim Crow (segregated) travel in the South.

Expansion of the Federal Housing Administration's work so that slums might be abolished. – *C. R. Learning in the Mansfield, Louisiana,* Enterprise.

Correspondence

How the Court Works

SIR: Let me elbow my way to the notions counter past the more learned members of the Justice Department to observe that the notion that any judge avoids interpolating his personal notions of policy in construing an ambiguous statute is utter nonsense. A Supreme Court justice's conception of what constitutes sound public policy is the only guide to his decision in cases where the available "legal" materials are evenly balanced and in most cases they are. There is seldom any occasion for Supreme Court review of a statute unless the application of existing legal precedents leaves the correct solution in doubt.

The crucial difference between the issues that split this court and those that divided the old one is that the latter were determined in terms of constitutional limitations which frustrated remedial legislation. The present eight justices, while not in agreement as to the scope of all constitutional limitations, differ most frequently in matters of straight-out statutory construction, where the decision is stated entirely in terms of congressional interest by both sides. Those decisions are, in effect, reviewable and correctable by Congress as soon as they are made, in so far as they fail to reflect correctly, existing congressional intent. Therefore, while Congress sits, we need not be concerned that the present court may set itself up as a "super-legislature."

Silver Spring, Md. ROBERT L. WRIGHT

What the Pipelines Cost

SIR: The purpose of this letter is to correct some misleading statements made by Miss Inge Kaiser in her article "War Emergency Pipelines" (*New Republic*, July 23), in so far as her references to my study, *War-built Pipe Lines and the Postwar Transportation of Petroleum*, are concerned. She states: "More recent estimates have placed these actual costs at 11 cents by war-built tanker, and at 8 cents by Big Inch." I am not aware of any "more recent estimates" which differ from the figures given in my report. A careful reading of my study will show that the tanker cost of 14 cents includes 2.6 for depreciation, and the pipeline cost of 11.6 cents includes 1.8 cents for depreciation, 1 cent for transportation tax, and 0.6 cents for ad valorem taxes. Hence, if you subtract these allowances, the figgures for out-of-pocket costs of operating these two facilities become 11.4 cents for tanker, and 8.2 cents for the "Big Inch," which agrees with the figures shown in the "more recent estimates," whatever they may be.

Miss Kaiser reports my estimate of the cost of operating the "Little Inch" in refined oil service at 11.9 cents a barrel, contrasted with 10.6 cents reported by the Secretary of Commerce. Here again, the two figures do not represent the same items of cost. My figure of 11.9 cents includes an allowance of 1.3 cents for transportation tax and ad valorem taxes. The estimates of the Secretary of Commerce do not include any allowance for taxes, and my report mentions this fact. Hence, there is no difference between my estimate and the actual cost based on the operation of the line.

SAM G. SPAL,
Washington, D. C. Interstate Commerce Commission

SIR: I wish to correct a misleading statement in my recent article. Mr. Spal, whose excellent study, *War-built Pipe Lines and the Postwar Transportation of Petroleum*, I used extensively, questions the existence of "more recent estimates" to which I referred. I am afraid that in cutting down the section on costs the meaning of that sentence was distorted. What I meant to say

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was that one set of estimates quoted by Mr. Spal was more recent than another set quoted by him in the same study.

Washington, D. C. INGE KAISER

Marx, Freud and Slochower

SIR: Mr. Davis' discussion of *No Voice Is Wholly Lost* (the *New Republic*, June 25) impressed me as completely earnest. However, by focusing on the chapter "Marx and Freud," it gives the impression that the book is primarily a study of Marx-Freud categories in Western culture. In this way, it ignores the book's central theme.

As stated directly in the Introduction, Conclusion and seriatim, *No Voice Is Wholly Lost* analyzes the various patterns of alienation in the *unique* forms they assume in our unprecedented war-situation. It would show (a) that, because of our particular upheavals, *no* system and *no* writer is free from ambiguities; (b) that, despite this unstable base, *all* art and thought reveals an element of transcendence which contributes towards a unified frame. Mr. Davis does not even allude to this, the central motivation of the book. His criticisms follow partly from this failure:

1. The review claims that the book divides writers and thinkers into heroes and villains. This is an astounding misstatement of the book's leading motif. The fact is that not a *single* writer or system is wholly condemned or wholly embraced. Mr. Davis mentions Dewey, among others, as one of my villains. Yet at least two pages are devoted to showing the value of Dewey's naturalistic stress. He calls Nietzsche one of my heroes. But the very sentence he quotes (in Nietzsche's "complex thought lie the roots for almost every significant current of our time") points to something much more involved. To be sure, the book does indicate that some writers contribute more toward the unity in the making. But the theme of the book, suggested by the title, precludes heroes and villains.

2. Mr. Davis takes me to task for an eclecticism in applying terms. He points out that I do not use Freudian analysis in Steinbeck as much as I do in Malraux. Would Mr. Davis deny that Malraux's preoccupations are nearer to Freud than are Steinbeck's?

3. He complains that my methodology lacks semantic consistency. Thus, in writing of Ch'en's "Eros straining toward Thanatos," I forget that, in Freud, Eros and Thanatos are "immortal adversaries." Davis overlooks Freud's later modification of his formulation, that Eros will "maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary," quoted in the chapter, "Marx and Freud."

I gather that Davis' basic resistance is to my critique of relativism which he believes offers a "scientific" basis for uniting Freudianism and Marxism. He thinks that rejection of relativism leads to "absolutism, mysticism and supernaturalism." I fear that the basis of this conclusion is a positivistic methodology which tends to view categories in terms of "good" and "bad," even where the opposite is intended. *No Voice Is Wholly Lost* tries to show precisely that the alternative to relativism is not the old mystical Substance, but a dialectic humanism which, aware of history and science, is yet pledged to firm standards and principles.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HARRY SLOCHOWER

SIR: Far from ignoring what Mr. Slochower considers the central motivation of his book, the whole point of my review was to ask whether it really means anything to construct a "unified frame" from the "elements of transcendence" of a large number of "uniquely alienated" writers, particularly when this unified frame is never clearly defined in its own terms, and when the "firm standards and principles" of Mr. Slochower's last sentence are, as that sentence suggests, indefinitely related to, or freed from, history and science. As a further complication, instead of using his standards and principles or unified frame as a means of evaluating and relating writers consistently, Mr. Slochower, as he says in point 2, depends eclectically on whatever terms, Freudian, Marxian, Nietzschean or Kierkegaardian, are nearest the writers' own preoccupations. Whether or not Mr. Slochower's "substance" is the old mystical one, he certainly uses the term favorably, and reserves his most sharply unfavorable terms for those like Dewey who are firmly critical of transcendental idealism. My own emphasis was on Freud and Marx because it seemed to me that recent untranscendental applications of their ideas make feasible a unified frame of reference which is possibly more meaningful than Mr. Slochower's transcendental arrangements and yet not less dialectic or humane.

Wellfleet, Mass. ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Southern Conference for Human Welfare (506-507 Presbyterian Building, Nashville 3, Tennessee) sends us a letter quoting from the recent filibusters of Senators Bilbo and Eastland of Mississippi, and announcing the formation of a committee in Mississippi "to fight the Bilbo-Eastland influence in all possible ways." The Conference is appealing for funds to help the new committee get started.

Mr. Calvin G. Thayer of Berkeley, California, writes to rebut Karl Korstad's contention ("No Return," the *New Republic*, July 16) that (Mr. Thayer's words) "university English departments are not doing their job." Mr. Thayer points out that "anyone who knows his business needs both courses . . . in eighteenth-century thought . . . and modern criticism." He remarks that "the end of the comma and 'nice' sentence will not automatically mean the end of fascism," and defends "a great many English professors who are doing more to fight fascism by teaching students to observe and to think than he [Mr. Korstad] will ever do by rejecting everything over 50 years old, or rejecting everything in which he is not interested."

A resident of Detroit, who does not wish to be named, tells of racial discrimination fomented in a low cost housing project in Hamtramck, a suburb of Detroit. The white population there is of Polish origin, and the Catholic clergy has considerable influence on the City Council and on the Housing Commission. They have used their influence, our correspondent says, to enforce segregation in a federal housing project built in 1941 (replacing slum areas formerly non-segregated) and to forestall, until the war emergency intervened, the building of an all-Negro housing settlement. At present a court decision holding that equal though segregated accommodations do not violate the Fourteenth Amendment or the Michigan Civil Rights Act, postpones the issue until after the war when further housing may be built. But, he says, "For six years, white residents of Hamtramck will have had the opportunity of living in a housing project which is closed to Negroes."

New Republic readers are requested by Mr. David S. Burgess of the Independent Tenants Committee, Delmo Labor Homes Project, to write to Mr. Frank Hancock, Administrator of the Farm Security Administration, Washington, D. C., asking that the Agency decide to sell the Delmo Labor Homes "to the present occupants and other low-income farm families in Southeast Missouri." The present tenants hope to raise enough money to become "independent home owners," and they are opposed by "powerful planter interests." Mr. Burgess says, "The time is short, the opposition is powerful and sometimes ruthless. Strike a blow for freedom. The residents are doing their part. Please do your part to help them."

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Books in Review

The Novel as Poem

ALL GOOD NOVELS (and plays) are poems, in so far as they have rhythm, architectonic, focus, and a "voice" immanent in their matter yet transcending it; in so far as they reveal the traits of an organism whose whole is qualitatively different from the sum of its parts, as the live body differs from the sum of its chemical constituents. The common shift from verse in the great story-tellers of the past (Homer, Dante, Milton) to the more complex textures of prose (Rabelais, Cervantes, Proust) is partly due to the greater complexities of content in modern life. This is not to say that the intrinsic mind of Dostoievsky was more involved than Shakespeare's. The greater complexity lies in the ground of the relations between author and public; in the shared realm of tradition, concept and experience where author and public must meet. When this ground was comparatively simple, yet strong enough to support the deep poet's vision, he was helped by the traditional verse forms whose unities symbolized the common feeling and knowledge. In this sense, Aeschylus and Racine were contemporaries. Thereafter, verse epics and plays continued to be written; but largely by weak and imitative men more in touch with literary custom than with the complexities of life. The great story-teller needed for his poem the more flexible, spacious and contemporary capacities of prose.

The two trends may be seen meeting and clashing in Donne and Swift. The verse of the former strains and almost bursts with its too complex material; and its content dwells in the memory as lapidic prose. The prose of *Gulliver's Travels* creates for its complex action a serenely simple body, because of the dominant traditionalism of its author, and lives in the mind as the music of verse, numbered like Juvenal or Lucretius.

In the nineteenth century appeared a bastard form: the prose-poem. Poe, Baudelaire, Turgenev (at their weakest), Lautréamont, Villiers de l'Ile-Adam and countless lesser men indulged in it. Its music, unlike that of the good story in either verse or prose, was not the organic construction of carefully formed episodes; it was a mood imposed on the objective elements of the story. Action was diluted down to the rhythm; whereas in true prose the rhythm is built up by the action and inheres in the word structures. The distinction is clear, if a story such as *Un Cœur Simple* by Flaubert is contrasted with a "poetic" tale by Wilde. In the former, the events (psychological and overt) are so nakedly, so essentially limned, that they create by their own inevitable logic the living organism of the story. In the latter, word and episode float vaguely and loosely in a bath of mood and subjectively stated rhythm extrinsic to the material of the story which has to be kept flimsy in order to conform. The Flaubert prose is a poem, and good art; that of Wilde is a prose-poem, and weak art.

The other nineteenth-century bastard was the "realistic" novel, enthroned in England and America, where it still rules and corrupts the general taste (including its sycophants, the reviewers). In this dualistic form, the story material (character, episode, documentary evidence, etc.) is fused to no living texture, formed to no organic unity. The parts are everything, the whole is nothing. And this means, of course, that the value of no part is essentially revealed: not character, not situation; since so to reveal them would be to relate them, as the constituents of a body are related and in their relation give the body life.

On the Continent, the realistic novel has kept closer to the poem; its founders—Balzac, Stendhal, Mérimée, Flaubert, Zola, in France; Aksakov, Gogol, Tolstoy in Russia; Galdós in Spain—were profound poets, despite the anesthetic sociological programs of some of them. In the nineteenth-century English-language novel, what there was of the truly creative was never deep or strong or whole enough to overcome the general trend. *Wuthering Heights* was ignored. Dickens, a true comedic poet in *Pickwick Papers*, never again reached the integrity of that first book. Meredith and Hardy were misread. Hawthorne, a minor poet, lacked the power to break the ice of his world and his own nature; and of course *Moby Dick* was and remains a solitary major monster. The later works of Henry James (a mind superficial and intricate rather than complex), while still trivial in content, revealed a craftsman at least aware of the poematic nature of the novel. But, despite such exceptions and later ones, the empty "realistic" novel, in which all elements of life are too shallowly conceived to create organic relation, continues to our day the unchallenged norm of our reading.

Therefore, we are profoundly indebted to Jean Starr Untermeyer for her truly heroic and largely successful labors in translating *The Death of Virgil*,[1] a story that consciously and powerfully attempts to deepen the bases of the novel in its destined role of modern tragedy, modern epic, modern poem. The story is simple. Virgil, secure in Rome's glory but sick unto death in flesh and soul, returns with the Emperor Augustus from Athens to Brundisium. His fever brings spiritual clarity; he finds the synthetic art of his still unpublished but already famous *Æneid* unworthy of survival. In a night of lucid delirium, he descends to the sources of his life and of human fate; and in the morning emerges with the resolve to burn his manuscript. Two court poets of Rome, Plotius Tucca and Lucius Varius, visit him and he tells them his grim purpose. Failing to dissuade him, they bring the bad news to Augustus who has already enlisted the *Æneid* as a political weapon of imperial consolidation. Augustus comes to his old friend, and they argue. Augustus sees the political structure of Rome as an end in itself; his empire, to his pragmatic eye, is universal since it embraces the limits of the known world; and without temporal end,

[1] The Death of Virgil, by Hermann Broch. English translation by Jean Starr Untermeyer. New York: Pantheon Books, Incorporated. 494 pages. $5.50.

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since he cannot see beyond the values of *Pax Romana*. Of this fulfilled greatness, Virgil's poem is the symbol; the poet cannot destroy what has become a part and function of Rome. Virgil's vision (the conventional medieval legend of the poet, which Dante used) is of the ancient world's death and transfiguration. Imperial Rome has assembled the "body"; a savior dimly descried will bring rebirth in Holy Rome. The emperor, the practical man, does not know what Virgil is talking about, and suspects his fever. But he wins the argument. Virgil promises not to destroy the poem; Augustus may take it back with him to Rome. Virgil dictates his will to his two friends. The fourth and final part of the story, called "Air—the Homecoming," is a long prose-poem of nearly fifty pages, which describes the poet's dissolution backward to primal pantheistic sources.

This is the story; its substantial elements are less simple. In the first part, we see the imperial fleet, the *Völkerchaos* of the Latin town, the harmonies and discords of Virgil's complex relations—since he is peasant, court-poet and mystic seer—with the people, with his art and with imperial Rome. All this is done superbly. The man on the boat, hearing the parasitic talk on deck, the painful journey on the litter through Brundisium's Misery Street, the counterpoint of the poet's sensibilities and thoughts, create a plastic, dense, organic substance, rich in smells, colors, dynamic motions. By contrast, the Egypt in Mann's *Joseph* is synthetic. The second part, called "Fire—the Descent," delivers the poet through a delirious and revealing night. It is a huge psychological tapestry, in which the poet's immersion in the ineffable is all too fragilely graphed by the street noises, the talk of drunken brawlers through the open window of his sickroom, and by the presence of the adoring slave-boy, Lysanias, who is designed to concretize Virgil's conflict of aspiration as poet and seer with the official role that Rome has thrust upon him. The prose strains and sweats, gyres and convulses, to attain the inexpressible *Ding-an-sich*. It is full of words that the translator has Englished, as un-space, un-dimension, un-symbol, un-art, un-remembrance: words aimed dialectically to portray, beyond the thesis and antithesis of phenomena, life's essence. The German language lends itself better than ours to these excursions into the ineffable: one reason why it produced Kant and Hegel, and so few good prose writers. In rendering these monumentally verbose 150 pages, Mrs. Untermeyer could have escaped failure only through a surgical operation of ruthless cutting. The wordy mountains of "un-words," embed a series of Hölderlinesque odes on human fate which should have inspired the author to eliminate the slag of many pages. The personality of Virgil fitfully emerges, is lost, reappears. Probably this is the condition of personality in delirium and euphoria from which pain, the slave-boy's presence, the street-noises, spasmodically drag the poet back. But even if we admit this naturalistic justification of the scene's immense verbosity, it could with benefit have been cut by at least fifty pages.

Part Three gives us again sharp, objective portraits: the two poet friends, the court physician, the remarkably glimpsed Syrian slave (prophetic Jew?) and finally the tough, shrewd, gracious Augustus, whose delineation sheds convincing light, not only on Rome's synthetic culture but on the modern magnate. Yet here too, the same lack of

What Critics Say about "Conspiracy in ALGIERS"

"'Conspiracy in Algiers' . . . is the most complete and informative report we have yet had. And though it reads like a detective story with bizarre plots and counter-plots and as fine an assortment of rogues, condottieri and ignoramouses as you are likely to find in a dozen books of fiction, Mme. Gosset manages skillfully to keep the emphasis in her book on the political significance of the events she describes. . . . For a dollar, it is the buy of the season."

WILLIAM L. SHIRER
N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, Aug. 12, 1945

"This book is the first to explain what really went on in Algiers. Why was Darlan brought to the spot? Why was he allowed to order resistance of American troops? Why was he condoned as the scion of Vichy? Why was he allowed the privilege of not only saving his neck, but ruling North Africa when every sane citizen expected him to be shot for a double traitor the morning after the landing? President Truman should read this book and act."

STERLING NORTH
New York *Post*, Aug. 2, 1945

"The war has provided some examples of pretty good history written at full gallop. 'Conspiracy in Algiers' belongs in any selection, whether for readability or for content."

EDWIN H. BLANCHARD
New York *Sun*, July 27, 1945

"As a novel the story Renée Gosset tells in 'Conspiracy in Algiers' would seem incredible. As history, spiced with gossip and Gaullic wit, it is at once convincing and important. . . . Robert Murphy is today directing American policy in Germany. That gives Mme. Gosset's story, so excitingly and intimately told, more than dramatic significance. I hope President Truman and Secretary Byrnes read it."

LEWIS GANNETT
New York *Herald Tribune*, July 26, 1945

The Nation's limited edition of "Conspiracy in Algiers" is rapidly selling out. If you act at once you may still be able to secure a copy of this exciting and significant book, at the cost price of

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measure militates against success. Of all the long line of German prose, I can name no story-teller who achieves organic proportion in the novel: not Goethe (so controlled in *Faust* and the lyric), not Mann, who succeeds best in the *novelle*, not Schnitzler, whose plays are full of grace: not one, except the Bohemian Franz Kafka. In this immense dialogue between emperor and poet (no wonder Virgil died), the arguments are marred by repetition, by want of evolution, and by occasional insertions of hind-thought ideas, which sound more like twentieth-century Roman Catholicism charading its source than like Roman paganism prophesying its future. Throughout this part, Virgil is supposed to oscillate between clarity and fever. Broch legitimately exploits this ambiguous state to fuse his hero's memories and visions with the actual scene. Characters physically in the room merge with others no longer present, and with still others, like Virgil's lover, Plotia, who are always absent. Broch's aim in this device is to paint more sharply the symbolic values of his persons. But to succeed, both the flesh and the symbol must be firm. A good universal must be sharply particularized. Plotia, Lysanias remain vague conveyancers of value because the artist's hand in drawing them wavers and fumbles.

In the final part, which describes what Broch would perhaps name Virgil's return into "the All"—called "Air"—symbol of ubiquity, Virgil is no longer present; therefore the process of his dissolution is not esthetically achieved. You cannot stage a disappearing act without the presence of what is to vanish. What we do have is a beautiful prose-poem, reminiscent of Lautréamont and Rimbaud: a vision of a unitary passage of the soul back to primeval beginnings, before man, and then before the beast: a pantheist exordium of life to which the dying poet returns. Resplendent in itself, this part has only an ideal nexus with the story. Where it fails, the success of the last cantos of Dante's *Paradiso* makes clear. Throughout the *Divina Commedia*, the focal dynamic attitude has been the poet's search; the stages of his journey have been the anatomy of his salvation; and the final mystic scene is the ultimate goal where the motion becomes rest. Broch's story centers on Virgil's drama; his dissolution and transfiguration in death should have remained within its matrix.

The distinctions between the novel as poem and the prose-poem may help us to judge *The Death of Virgil* as a work of art. Too often the magnificent weight of thought, the vast vistas of vision, fail to be *contained* within the characters and the events that should embody them; they burst out into subjective passages (prose-poems) or dissolve into wordy inarticulation. Broch's strength as artist seems to be less than his ambition as mystic. One cannot pile up gigantic verbalisms into the expression of the infinite and the eternal (the Jewish Merkabah writers vainly tried it). The best literary mystics, from Ezekiel to Saint John of the Cross, and from Blake to Kafka, convey the experience of the limitless in concise, often humble pictures. They dimension their sounds with silence. Broch's book is not silent enough.

But whatever its comparative failures, *The Death of Virgil* has far more importance than most literary "successes." It hugely transcends the shallow "realistic" vision of life which has debauched the modern novel. Rejecting the thin one-dimensional prose which most reviewers misname "clear," it invents an organic prose sentence (even longer than Proust's) which, like Proust's, is an immediate unity of complex states. It boldly approaches the novel as the modern tragic poem: the freest and most potential medium by which the contemporary writer may reveal life whole.

WALDO FRANK

Barmine's Russia

One Who Survived, by Alexander Barmine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 357 pages. $3.75.

BARMINE's "exposé" of Soviet rule under Stalin adds little to what has variously been served up by Souvarine, Eastman, Krivitsky, *et al.*, unless it be his world-shaking revelation that Stalin has two toes grown together (which, plus his withered left hand, substantially "explains" his love for a uniform as well as his power complex—overcompensation, no doubt). Barmine claims a special competence for his hatchet-job on the Soviet Union by virtue of his career as Red Army officer, industrial leader and diplomat. His activities brought him into close association with the Old Guard of the party hierarchy, who, like himself, in time were to fall out with official policy. His ideological kinship is always with these men, as witness his starry-eyed admiration for Trotsky and his disciples, for the completely discredited—or so one had thought—Tukhachevsky, for Zinoviev, etc. By contrast, in his contacts with those Soviet leaders who are still in public life, he invariably found them "mediocre," "venal" or "servile." Outstanding personalities like Voroshilov, Kaganovich and Molotov evoke his unreserved contempt. As for Stalin, he is a cross between a Byzantine potentate and Caligula, whose waking hours are equally divided between off-the-record opulent living, stupid, plodding supervision of every phase of Soviet life and the dead-pan dispatching to the firing squad of thousands of loyal fellow citizens whose continued existence is an imagined threat to the Boss's one-man dictatorship. Among many choice "Pullman-smoker" disclosures about Stalin is the insinuation that he upbraided his wife so cruelly in the presence of friends that she promptly shot herself.

To the uninitiated, Barmine's clever device of laconic footnotes, which refer to so many former close associates as "shot in (1938)" or "disappeared," builds up a damning case, particularly in its cumulative effect. A perusal of the files of the New York *Times* for 1938, the principal "purge" year, fails to reveal more than a handful of those mentioned as being caught in the Soviet toils—and the *Times* that year gave its readers rather complete coverage of that type of news from Russia. Barmine has not been in the Soviet Union since 1937 and obviously must depend for his information on the same official sources that were equally available to all the foreign newsmen. As for the great number listed as having "disappeared," this reviewer is reliably informed by one who *was* in the Soviet Union during the "purge" years and has been kept well informed since as to the situation there, that many of those mentioned are today occupying high places in the Soviet official family.

Throughout the book there are pontifical interpretations

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of the motivations behind the many "crimes" which Barmine carefully deposits on Stalin's doorstep. These range all the way from the frantic desire by Stalin to placate Hitler as far back as 1937, to his various pathological compulsions toward revenge, acquisition of power, etc., etc. The latter are too speculative for comment—as for the charge of a Soviet policy of appeasement of the Nazis in the prewar years, one need only re-examine the many positive actions directed by Russia against Germany during that period, not the least of which was the virtual cutting off of exports vitally needed by the Nazi war machine.

No thoughtful student of the Soviet Union can deny its hysterical blood-letting of dissidents, bureaucratic inefficiencies and often semi-barbaric concepts in the administration of justice. These—and others—are disturbing manifestations which should give pause to even the rabid Soviet devotees. What, in the opinion of this reviewer, vitiates the effectiveness of this book is that it is so completely a case of special pleading. If Barmine could not conscientiously accept the thesis that the Soviet excesses are unfortunate but in no sense fundamental concomitants of the Stalinist regime, he owed it to objectivity to at least *state* that point of view and give it a detached evaluation which would consider the various complicated factors involved. In failing to have done so, his book takes its place in the growing list of "Black and White" literature on the Soviet Union. One still hopefully waits for a treatment which will be of a more neutral shade.

HARVEY J. BRESLER

Democrat and Scientist

The Way of an Investigator: A Scientist's Experiences in Medical Research, by Walter B. Cannon. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 229 pages. $3.

FIFTY YEARS AGO Williams Roentgen discovered X-rays. Almost immediately afterward a young Harvard researcher, Walter B. Cannon, utilized this new tool to investigate the action of the stomach during digestion. He fed a cat a meal that contained bismuth subnitrate (impervious to X-rays), and then observed the rhythmic movements of the walls of the stomach. Occasionally, for no reason that he could see, the movements halted. He soon discovered that when the cat was disturbed by an incident, such as the appearance of a belligerent dog, the waves stopped instantly. When serenity was restored by removing the dog, the stomach movements almost immediately resumed. Further experimentation showed that other bodily changes take place during emotional excitement. For example, the blood sugar rises, more adrenalin pours into the blood stream, breathing is deeper and the pulse becomes more rapid. What was the significance of all these changes? After intensive thought on the problem, Cannon had a hunch: these sudden changes were the body's preparation for some great emergency. The cat was bracing itself for a flight or a fight.

Cannon's *emergency theory* stood the test of a long series of experiments and was presented to the public in a book, *Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage.* From this book the general public learned, among other things, that it is bad to worry or engage in squabbles while eating because fear and anger at the dinner table interfere with the proper digestion of food. With the aid of collaborators at the Physiological Laboratory of Harvard University Medical School, Cannon made further studies of the methods used by the body to adjust itself to outside forces. In *The Wisdom of the Body*, which dealt with this phase of his researches, Cannon pointed out that a delicate adjustment maintained a constant body temperature in all climates, aroused sensations of thirst and hunger, defended the body against injurious external agents by coughing and sneezing, and even repaired the organism after illness or injury.

Dr. Cannon's additions to scientific knowledge are impressive. As a citizen-scientist his contributions are equally important. He believes that "a close relation exists between democracy and science. All the considerations have a direct bearing on the role of the scientific investigator as a citizen. The unchecked pursuit of his most cherished desire depends immediately on the liberty which a democratic government most reliably provides. He does well, therefore, to watch over it and, if necessary, to go forth and battle for its security." Cannon translated these beliefs into action. When, in Spain, his friend, Juan Negrín, professor of physiology and acting dean of the medical school at Madrid, told him in 1935 of the struggle of the Spanish people for freedom and of his attempt to set up a democratic government, the Harvard professor on his return to America warned us of the dangers of our short-sighted policy of neutrality. Cannon joined the fight against fascism and played an active part as national chairman of the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. In the same spirit he devoted time to helping the people of China in their fight against Japanese militarism. Believing, as he does, that the peace and freedom of the world depend upon mutual friendship and coöperation between the United States and the Soviet Union, he accepted leadership in the newly formed American Soviet Medical Society and shared the chairmanship of the Congress of American Soviet Friendship held in 1943.

The Way of an Investigator is autobiographical. After more than a half-century of scientific investigation and social service, Cannon has modestly set down something of

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his life and beliefs. Following one of his own precepts, he has written with clarity and brevity. There is no straining after dramatic effects, no profound abstract ponderings, no flowery language. It is a simple, homespun account of the full and happy life of a great American. He was born in Prairie du Chien, a small town on the upper Mississippi River, of Scotch-Irish and French-Canadian stock. During Cannon's high-school days in St. Paul, Thomas Huxley was carrying on his controversy with the Bishop of Peterborough, and in following these debates the boy read widely in the sciences. His father, a railroad employee, gave him $180, and he entered Harvard, where he managed to maintain himself by scholarships and outside work. He was graduated in 1896 *summa cum laude*.

Cannon's book is not only a delightful and inspiring autobiography but it is also an essential handbook for anyone who plans to enter a career of scientific research. For he discusses such subjects as what requirements a researcher should possess and the favorable and unfavorable conditions for scientific investigation. He makes a strong case for federal aid to coöperative research and it is his conviction that ample research funds under the control of competent scientists free from political interference will provide the best conditions for the most extensive and rapid progress in science. BERNARD JAFFE

Of War and Villains

Conspiracy in Algiers, by Renée Pierre-Gosset. New York: The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. 248 pages. $1.

IF AN ENTERPRISING movie producer were looking for a script which describes not only the shooting war, but also the behind-the-scenes diplomatic war, he could pick no better book than Mme. Gosset's story of the invasion of North Africa. Against the vivid background of the invasion itself, there would be scenes of diplomatic intrigue, espionage and underground plotting; scenes of moral decadence on the part of the French, and of political stupidity on the part of some Allied participants; scenes of double-crossing, like Darlan's attempt to fool his American captors, and of individual heroism, like General Clark's mission or the audacity of the few Gaullists in the critical hours of the invasion. An exciting book, the story of the North African landings would make an even more fascinating movie.

But Mme. Gosset's book is more than just a movie script. It is a primer on how to betray one's friends and give comfort to one's enemies. It is a case study which, had it been published before the Allied jump on the European continent, could have been a warning. Conquest for political domination, not liberation, was the immediate result of Anglo-American policy in North Africa. Conquest, and not liberation, followed the Allied invasions of Italy, Belgium, Greece and Germany. Although the failure of this policy was symbolized, as early as a month and a half after the North African invasion, by the assassination of Darlan, it did not deter Anglo-American policy makers from repeating the same mistakes—in the name of "military expediency," military facts notwithstanding—by dealing with and supporting a Badoglio in Italy, a Pierlot in Belgium or a Plastiras in Greece.

In all likelihood, Mme. Gossets's book, in spite of the author's opportunity to observe the course of events as a close friend of the Gaullist resistance movement and as an employee of American government agencies, gives only a partial picture of the iniquities perpetrated in North Africa. But her information is more than sufficient for drawing some very definite conclusions. The most deplorable of these is that Darlanism, as this policy has come to be known, had the approval of the White House, in spite of efforts on the part of well informed and well meaning members of the American intelligence services on the spot. This may somewhat lessen the stature of Mr. Robert Murphy as the villain of the piece by placing responsibility where it belongs. But it does not absolve him from responsibility altogether. His discretionary power, apparently, was enormous. And President Roosevelt seems to have trusted him completely.

If Mr. Murphy had confined his dealings to those among the French whose lack of political morality was topped only by his own political perambulations, no tears would be worth shedding for them. But Mr. Murphy, who up to the very eve of the invasion, was suspicious—and rightly so—of his reactionary French friends, ultimately abandoned that small group of Gaullist resisters who had done a magnificent job of helping the Allied cause when their aid was most needed. Not only did he reject their support within 24 hours, as soon as he could dispense with it, but subsequently he refused to lift a finger to help them when they found themselves jailed by Mr. Murphy's Vichyite hangovers.

Mr. Murphy's betrayal of democracy in North Africa is only a small part of the story Mme. Grosset has to tell. There are sharp character sketches of the men whom he had singled out as tools of Allied policy—Weygand, Darlan, Giraud.

The *Nation* has rendered great service in making this excellent book available in English translation. H. E.

Contributors

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